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THE ALPS

AND

THE RHINE;

A SERIES OF SKETCHES

BY

J. T. HEADLEY.

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TO

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OF NEW YORK,

THESE SKETCHES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

HIS FRIEND AND RELATIVE,

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

In the present work I have not designed to make a book of travels, but give a series of sketches of the Alpine portion of Switzerland, and the scenery along the Rhine. In writing of Switzerland, I have omitted almost altogether notices of the character of the people, except of those occupying the valleys of the Alps. Neither have I spoken of the chief cities and towns of the country, except to make a passing remark. I excluded all such matter, because I wished, if possible, to give a definite idea of the scenery of the Alps. Having an unconquerable desire from my boyhood to see the land of Tell and Winkelried, I had read everything I could lay hold of, that would give me clear conceptions of the wonderful scenery it embraces, yet I found that my imagination had never approached the reality.

Hoping to do what others had failed in accomplishing, I confess, was the motive in my attempting these sketches. It always seemed strange to me, that such marked, striking features in natural scenery could fail of being caught and described. Such bold outlines, and such distinct figures, it seemed a mere pastime to reproduce before the eye. And even now, of all the distinct things memory recalls, none appear more clear and definite than the scenes of the Alps. But, notwithstanding all this, I need not add that I am as much dissatisfied with my own efforts as with those of others. The truth is, the Alps are *too* striking and grand

to be described. We get a definite idea of very few things in the world we have never seen, by mere naked details. This is especially true of those objects that excite emotion. It is by comparing them to more familiar and greater things, that we conceive them properly. Indeed, the imagination is generally so much weaker than the bodily eye, that exaggeration is required to bring up the perceptive faculties to the proper point.

But the Alps have nothing beyond them—nothing greater with which to compare them. They alone can illustrate themselves. Comparisons diminish them, and figures of speech only confuse the mind. This I believe to be the reason why every one becomes dissatisfied with his own descriptions. To give lofty conceptions of mountain scenery before, he has been accustomed to call it *Alpine*. The Alps are called in to illustrate all other mountains and lofty peaks, and hence when he comes to describe the former, he is at loss for metaphors and comparisons. The words grand, awful, sublime, have been used to describe scenery so far inferior to that which now meets his eye, that he would reject them as weak and expressionless, were there any others he could employ. I have never felt the need of stronger Saxon more than when standing amid the chaos of an Alpine abyss, or looking off from the summit of an Alpine peak. Like the attempt to utter a man's deepest emotions, words for the time shock him. I am aware this may be attributed to a sensitive imagination. Some may boast that they have stood perfectly tranquil, and at their ease in every part of the Alps. I envy not such a man his self-possession, nor his tranquil nature. He who can wander through the Oberland without being profoundly moved, and feeling as Coleridge did when he lifted his hymn in the vale of Chamouni, need not fear that he will ever be greatly

excited, either by the grand or beautiful with which God has clothed the world.

The Rhine I have passed over more hastily, and devoted less space to it, because its scenes are more familiar, as well as more tame. If I shall add to the reader's conceptions of Alpine scenery—give any more vivid ideas of its amazing grandeur, more definite outlines to those wonderful forms of nature, I shall have accomplished my purpose. My object in grouping, as I have, the most remarkable objects together, to the exclusion of every thing else, was, if possible, to do this. Still they must be seen to be known.

THE ALPS AND THE RHINE.

I.

PASS OF THE SIMPLON, GORGE OF GONDO.

Coming from the warm air of the South, the first sight of the Alps gave a spring to my blood it had not felt for years. Egypt and Palestine I had abandoned, and weary and depressed, I turned as a last resort to the Alps and their glorious scenery. As I came on to Lake Maggiore, I was, as we should say at home, "down sick." A severe cold accompanied with fever rendered me as indifferent to the scenery the evening I approached —— as if I were on the confines of a desert. But the morning found me myself again, and the clear lake coming from under the feet of the everlasting Alps, and peeping out into the valley as if to see how the plains of Lombardy looked, was as welcome as the face of a friend. Born myself amid mountains, I had loved them from boyhood. I looked out from our carriage on the Borromean Isles, terraced up in the form of a pyramid from the water, with their dark fringe of cypresses, without one wish to visit them. I did not care whether they were an "*espèce de création*," or "a huge perigord pie stuck round with woodcocks and partridges." The soft air revived me, and the breeze that stooped down from the snow summits of the Alps, that glittered far up in the clear heavens before me, was like a new fountain of blood opened in my system. I left the carriage, and wandered off to the quarries of pink granite among the mountains. After listening awhile to the clink of the miner's hammer, far up in the breast of the rock, and gathering a few crystals, I returned to the lake, and passing directly underneath a mountain of stone, from whose summit

workmen were blasting rocks that fell with the noise of thunder into the road, sending their huge fragments over into the lake,—rejoined the carriage at a dirty inn. The crystal-like clearness of the water, and the mountains around, reminded me of the wilder parts of the Delaware, where I had hooked many a trout, and thinking they ought to be found on such gravelly bottoms, I enquired of the landlord if I could have trout for dinner. He replied yes, and when the speckled fish was brought on the table, it was like the sight of an old friend. The flesh, however, did not have the freshness and flavour of those caught in our mountain streams. It may have been owing to the cooking, probably it was. After dinner we started up the narrow valley that leads to the foot of the Simplon. It was as lovely an afternoon as ever made the earth smile. Gray, barren pyramids of rock pierced the clear heavens on either side, while the deep quiet of the valley was broken only by the brawling streamlet that sparkled through it. Here and there was a small meadow spot from which the dwarfish peasantry were harvesting the hay. Women performed the office of team and cart. A huge basket that would hold nearly as much as an ordinary hay-cock, was filled, when a woman inserted herself into straps fastened to it, and taking it on her back; walked away with it.

As it takes twelve good hours to cross the Simplon, travellers are compelled to stop over night at Domo D'Osola, the last village before the ascent commences. I will not describe the dirty town with its smell of garlic, nor the "red-capped," "mahogany-legged," lazy lazzaroni that lounged through the street. Only one thing interested me in it. There is a hill near by called Calvary, with small white buildings stationed at intervals from the bottom to the top. Each of these is occupied with terra-cotta (earthen) figures representing our Saviour in the different stages of his sufferings;—from the trial before Pilate, to the last agony on the cross. Through an iron grating I looked in upon the strange groups, amid which, on the earth-floor, were scattered cents and fifths of cents;—thrown there by the faithful. In one, the ceiling of the building was concave, and painted blue to represent heaven. On this angels were painted large as life, and represented as hovering over the suffering Christ—while they had—babies and all—white

handkerchiefs in their hands, which they held to their eyes quite *à la mode*. It did not strike me at first as so odd that they should use handkerchiefs in heaven, as that such beggarly-looking angels could afford such nice white ones.

But the Simplon. Nature, that wore the day before, her loveliest, had now put on her angriest aspect. A more glorious to-morrow was never promised to man, than the sun uttered as he went down at evening amid the Alps. There was not a cloud to dim his brightness, while the transparent atmosphere and the deep blue sky seemed dreaming of anything but clouds and mists. But who can foretell the whim of an Alpine sky! As we entered the mountains the day grew dark, and from the deep gorge that pierced their heart, the mist boiled out like the foam of a waterfall. Clouds veiled the giant peaks around, and the rain came down as if that were its sole business for the day. The torrent had carried away the road in some places, and we rolled slowly over the bed of the stream. At length we entered the gorge of Gondo, one of the most savage and awful in the Alps. This day it was rendered doubly so by the black Alpine storm that swept through it. The road was here squeezed into the narrowest space, while the perpendicular rocks rose out of sight into the rain-clouds on either side, and the fretting torrent struggled through its torn channel far below. The gallery of Gondo, cut 596 feet through the solid rock, opens like a cavern over this gulf. Stand here a minute and look down the gorge. Those perpendicular walls of nature pierce the heavens so high, that but a narrow strip of tossing clouds is visible, as the blast puffs away for a moment the mist that wrapped them in such close embrace. A waterfall is sounding in your ears, covering the breast of the hill with foam, and filling the cavern with the sullen sound of thunder. Torrents leaping from the mountain tops, vanish in spray before they strike the bottom. The clouds roll through the gorge, and knock against the walls that hem them in; and then catching the down-sweeping gust, spring over their tops, revealing for a moment the head of a black crag far up where you thought the sky to be, and then dashing over its face wrap it again in deeper gloom. All around is horribly wild—the howl of the storm—the hissing of the blast around the cliffs—the roar of countless cataracts, and the hoarse voice of

the distracted waters that rush on, and the awful solitude and strength that hem you in—make the soul stagger and shrink back in unwonted fear and awe. Nature and God seem one—Power and Sublimity their only attributes, and these everlasting peaks their only dwelling-place. I would let the carriage, that looked like a mere toy among these giant forms of nature, disappear among the rolling mist, and then stand on a beetling crag and listen. It was the strangest, wildest music my soul ever bowed to, and the voices that spoke so loudly around me had such an accent and power that my heart stood still in my bosom. I grew nervous there alone, and felt as if I had not room to breathe. Just then, turning my eye up the gorge, the clouds parted over a smooth snow-field that lay, white and calm, leagues away against the heavens. Oh, it was a relief to know there was one calm thing amid that distracted scene—one bosom the tempest could not ruffle: it told of a Deity ruling serene and tranquil above his works and laws.

As we approached the summit, the snow increased in depth. In one place the road passed directly through an old avalanche cut out like a tunnel. These avalanches have paths they travel regularly as deer. The shape of the mountains decides the direction they shall take, and hence enables the traveller to know when he is in danger. They also always give premonitions of their fall. Before they start there is a low humming sound in the air, which the practised ear can detect in a moment. If you are in the path of avalanches when this mysterious warning is passing through the atmosphere, you cannot make too good use of your legs. A few days before we passed, the diligence was broken into fragments by one of these descending masses of snow. As it was struggling through the deep drifts right in front of one of those gorges where avalanches fall, the driver heard this low ringing sound in the hills above him. Springing from his seat, he threw open the door, crying, "Run for your life! an avalanche! an avalanche!" and drawing his knife he severed the traces of the horses, and bringing them a blow with his whip, sprang ahead. All this was the work of a single minute; the next minute the diligence was in fragments, crushed and buried by the headlong mass.

The top of the Simplon is a dreary field of snow and ice, girded round with drearier rocks. The hospice is large and comfortable, and does credit to its founder, Bonaparte; and the Prior is a fat, very handsome, and good-natured man. I had a regular romp with one of the San Bernard dogs, who would run and leap on me like a tiger, barking furiously as he came, but harmless as a kitten in his frolics. To amuse us, the Prior let out four of them from their confinement. No sooner did they find themselves free, than they dashed down the steps of the hospice, and bounding into the snow, made the top of the Simplon ring again with their furious barkings. After we had wandered over the building awhile, and made enquiries respecting lost travellers in winter, the good Prior set before us some bread and a bottle of wine, from which we refreshed ourselves and prepared to depart. We had scarcely begun to descend towards the Vallais, when I discovered, straight down through the gorge, a little village with its roofs and church spire, looking like a miniature town there at the end and bottom of the abyss. Confident there was no town between the top of the Simplon and Brieg, lying nearly twenty miles distant at the base, and thinking this could not be that town, sunk there apparently within rifle-shot of where I stood, I enquired of the vetturino what place it was. "Brieg," he replied. "Brieg?" I exclaimed: "why that is six hours' drive from here, and I can almost throw a stone in that place." "You will find it far enough bofore we get there," he replied, and with that we trotted on. Backwards and forwards, now running along the edge of a gulf deep into the mountains and under overhanging glaciers, till it grew narrow enough to let a bridge be thrown across; and now shooting out on to some projecting point that looked down on shuddering depths, the road wound like a snake in its difficult passage among the rocks. Houses of refuge occur at short intervals to succour the storm-caught traveller; and over the road, as it cuts the breast of some steep hill that shows an unbroken sheet of snow, up—up, till the summit seems lost in the heavens, are thrown arches on which the avalanches may slide over into the gulf below. Over some of these arches torrents were now roaring from the melting mass above. Calm glaciers on high, and angry torrents below; white snow-fields covering thousands of

acres on distant mountain-tops, and wrecks of avalanches, crushed at the base of the precipice on which you stand; fill the mind with a succession of feelings that can never be recalled or expressed. It seems as if nature tried to overwhelm the awe-struck and humbled man in her presence, by crowding scene after scene of awful magnificence upon him.

We stopped at Brieg all night in a most contemptible inn. It was some fête day or other of the thousand and one Catholic saints, and the streets were strewed with evergreens, while nearly every second man had a sprig in his hat. The streets were filled with peasantry sauntering lazily about in the evening air, and I leaned from my window and watched them as supper was cooking. There a group went loitering about singing some careless song I could not understand, while nearer by were two peasants, a young man and maiden, with their arms around each other's waists, strolling silently along in the increasing twilight.

At Brieg you enter on the Vallais and follow the Rhone on its tranquil course for Lake Leman. Its waters were yet turbid from their long struggle in the mountains, and flowed heavily through the valley. Along this we trotted all day, and stopped at night at Sion. If Mount Sion in Jerusalem is not a better place than this, the Arabs are welcome to it. The falls of Tourtemagne, which you pass on the road, are very beautiful, from the curve and swing of the descending water, caused by the peculiar shape of the rocks: and those of Sallenche grand and striking. The long single leap of the torrent is 120 feet, and as you stand under it, the descending water has the appearance of the falling fragments of a rocket after it has burst. The spray that boils from its feet rises like a cloud, and drifting down the fields, passes like a fog over the road.

II.

PASSES OF THE FORCLAZ AND COL DE BALM.

From Martigny, where we arrived at noon from Sion, a mule path leads over the Forclaz, from which one can look back on the whole valley of the Rhone, one of the most picturesque views in Switzerland. After following a while the route of Bonaparte's army, on its march from Martigny across the San Bernard, we turned off to the right, and began to ascend the Forclaz. Here I first tested the world-renowned qualities of the mule, amid the Alpine passes; and I must say I did not find the one I was on so very trustworthy. Passing along the brink of a precipice, I thought he went unnecessarily near the edge, but concluding he knew his own business best, I let him take his own way. Suddenly his hinder foot slipped over—he fell back, struggled a moment, while a cry of alarm burst from my companions behind—rallied, and passed on demurely as ever. For a few moments it was a question of considerable doubt whether I was to have a roll with my mule some hundred feet into the torrent below, with the fair prospect of a broken neck and a mangled carcase, or cross the Forclaz. I learned one lesson by it, however, never to surrender my own judgment again, *not even to a mule*. We at length descended into the very small hamlet of Trient, nestled down among the pines. After refreshing ourselves after a most primitive fashion, with some plain white pine boards, nailed together something after the manner of a workman's bench for a table, I told our guide I must cross the Col de Balm. He replied it was impossible. "No one," said he, "has crossed it this year except the mountaineer and hunter. The path by which travellers always cross it is utterly impassable; not even a chamois hunter could

follow it; besides, it rained last night, which has made the snow so soft, one would sink in leg-deep at every step, and *I* cannot attempt it." This was a damper, for I had thought more of making this pass than any other in the Alps. Still, I was fully resolved to do it, if it was in the reach of possibility, because from its summit was said to be one of the finest views in the world. So walking around the hamlet, I accosted a hardy-looking Swiss, and asked him if he could guide me over the Col de Balm. He replied that the ordinary route was impassable, being entirely blocked with snow; but that there was a gorge reaching nearly to the top of the pass, now half filled with the wrecks of avalanches, which he thought might be travelled. At least, said he, I am willing to try, and if we cannot succeed, we can return. I took him at his word, and returning, told my friends that I was going to cross the Col de Balm, but that I was unwilling to take the responsibility of urging them to accompany me, for I was convinced the passage would be one of great fatigue, if not of danger. I then called the guide, and told him to meet me with the mules about fifteen miles ahead, at Argentiere. He looked at me a moment, shook his head, and turned away, saying, "*Je vous conseille de ne pas aller.*" "*Je vous conseille de ne pas aller.*" I hesitated a moment, for my guide book said, "Always obey your guide," and farther on stated, that on this very pass a young German lost his life by refusing to obey *his*. I did not want to be rash, or expose myself unnecessarily to danger, but one of the finest views in the world was worth an effort; so stripping off my coat and vest, I bade my fearful guide good-bye, and taking a pole in my hand for a cane, started off. My friends concluded to follow. Immediately on leaving the valley we entered on the debris of avalanches, which fortunately bore us. It was a steady pull, hour after hour, mile after mile, up this pathless mass of snow, that seemed to go like the roof of a house, at an unbroken angle of forty-five degrees, up and up, till the eye wearied with the prospect. My friends gave out the first hour, while I, though the weakest of the party, seemed to gain strength the higher I ascended. The cold rare atmosphere acted like a powerful stimulant on my sensitive nervous system, rendering me for the time insensible to fatigue. I soon distanced my friends, while

my guide kept cautioning me to keep the centre of the gorge, so that I could flee either to one side or the other should an avalanche see fit to come down just at the time I saw fit to pass. I pressed on, and soon lost sight of every living thing. The silent snow-fields and lofty peaks were around me, and the deep blue heavens bending brightly over all. I thought I was near the top, when suddenly there rose right in my very face a cone covered with snow of virgin purity. I had ascended beyond the reach of avalanches, and stood on snow that lay as it had fallen. I confess I was for a moment discouraged and lonely. Near as this smooth, trackless height appeared, a broad inclined plain of soft snow was to be traversed before I could reach it. I sat down in the yielding mass and hallooed to the guide. I could hear the faint reply, far, far down the breast of the mountain, and at length caught a glimpse of his form bent almost double, and toiling like a black insect up the white acclivity. I telegraphed to him to know if I was to climb that smooth peak. He answered yes, and that I must keep to the right. I must confess I could see no particular choice in sides, but pressed on. The clean drifts hung along its acclivities just as the wintry storm had left them, and every step sunk me in mid-leg deep. This was too much: I could not ascend the face of that peak of snow, direct; it was too steep; and I was compelled to go backwards and forwards in a zigzag direction to make any progress. At length, exhausted and panting, I fell on my face, and pressed my hot cheek to the cold snow. I felt as if I never could take another step; my breath came difficult and thick, from the straining efforts I was compelled to put forth at every step, while the perspiration streamed in torrents from my face and body. But a cold shiver just then passing through my frame, admonished me I had already lain too long; so whipping up my flagging spirits, I pushed on. A black spot at length appeared in the wide waste of snow. It was the deserted house of refuge, and I hailed it with joy, for I knew I was at the top. But, oh! as I approached the thing, dreary enough at best, and found it empty, the door broken down by the fierce storm, and the deserted room filled with snow-drifts, my heart died within me, and I gave a double shiver. I crept to the windward side of the dismal concern to shield myself from the freezing blast,

which swept by without check, and seemed wholly unconscious that I had clothing on; and crouched meekly in the sunbeams. But as I looked up, about and beneath me, what a wild, ruinous world of peaks and crags, and riven mountains, rose on my wondering vision!

Farther on, and lo, the sweet vale of Chamouni burst on the sight, lying in an irregular waving line along the Arve, that glittered like a silver chain in the light of the sun. Right out of its quiet bosom towered away in awful majesty the form of Mont Blanc. Oh, what a chaos of mountain peaks seemed to tear up the very sky around him. The lofty "needles," inaccessible to any thing but the wing of the eagle, shot up their piercing tops over glaciers that, rolled into confusion, went streaming, an ice-flood, into the plains below. How can I describe this scene. It seemed as if the Deity had once taken the chain from his wildest laws, to see what awful strength they could put forth, and what a chaos of mountains they could tumble together. High over all, with its smooth round top, stood Mont Blanc, like a monarch with his mountain guard around him. Yet how silent and motionless were they all, as if in their holy Sabbath rest. No wonder Coleridge lifted his hymn in the Vale of Chamouni. Yet he should have looked on it from this spot. From no other point do you get the relative height of Mont Blanc. From the valley you look up, and all the peaks seem nearly of a height: but here you look across and see how he stands like Saul among the Israelites—head and shoulders above all his brethren. The great difficulty in standing here is, the soul cannot expand to the magnitude of the scene. It is crushed and overwhelmed, and almost stupified.

I plucked some flowers that lifted their modest heads from the margin of the snow, and began to descend towards Chamouni. But as I went leaping down the white slope with a shout, I suddenly found myself hanging by the arms, while the dull sound of a torrent that swept my feet made any but pleasant music in my ear. I had broken through the snow crust, and catching by my arms, was left dangling over a stream, the depth and breadth of which I had no desire to measure. The sudden change from my headlong speed and boisterous shouts, to the meek, demure look

and manner with which I insinuated myself away from that unpleasant neighbourhood, set my companions into convulsions of laughter.

A cloud that came drifting along the sky caught on Mont Blanc, and wrapped it from my sight. Ah, thought I, good night to Mont Blanc! But the sweet valley was left basking in the light of the setting sun.

Hark! a low rumbling sound rises on the air, swelling to the full-voiced thunder. I turned, and lo! a precipice of ice had loosened itself from the mountain, and falling over, plunged, with a crash that shook the hills, into the plain below. I stood awe-struck and silent. It was the first avalanche I had heard, and its deep voice echoing amid those mountain solitudes awoke strange feelings within me. The mass from which it had split was of a pale blue, contrasting beautifully with the dull white of the surrounding glacier.

At Argentiere I found the guide and mules. Mounting, I rode slowly on, thinking of that Being who planned the globe, and heaved on high all its strong mountains, when a sudden cry from the guide attracted my attention. He stood pointing to Mont Blanc. I looked up, and to my surprise, the cloud had rained itself away, and the top of the mountain was drawn with its bold outline against the clear heavens. The sun had set to me, but Mont Blanc was still looking down on his retiring light. And now over all its white form spread a pale rose colour, deepening gradually into a pink—the peaks around taking the same ruddy glow, while the giant shadows stretched their misshapen, black proportions over the vast snow-fields between. There they stood, a mass of rose-coloured snow mountains, towering away in the heavens: they had suddenly lost their massive strength and weight, and light as frost work, and apparently transparent as a rose-tinted shell, they seemed the fit home of spiritual beings. And then what serenity and silence over them all. There was none of the life and motion of flashing sunbeams; none of the glitter of light itself on mountain summits, but a deep quiet that seemed almost holy, resting there, as if that rose-tinted top was bathed in the mellow radiance that one might dream of as belonging to a sunset in heaven. My eye wandered down the now ethereal form

of Mont Blanc till it rested on a wreath of fir-trees, whose deep green contrasted strangely with that pure rose-colour. I stood bewildered—it seemed a magic land. But the glorious vision, like all beauty, was as transient as the hour that gave it birth. Fainter and fainter again grew the tints till all passed away, and Mont Blanc stood white and cold and ghost-like against the evening sky. This was more than I expected to see, and what few travellers *do* see. Mont Blanc is chary of such exhibitions of himself.

I lay down at night with my fancy too full of wild images to let me sleep soundly. Feverish and restless; at midnight I arose and pushed open my window. All was silent as the great shadows around, save the sound of the torrent that rolled its turbid stream through the valley. The moon was hanging her crescent over the top of Mont Blanc, that stood like a model in the clear heavens, a fit throne for the stars that seemed flashing from its top.

III.

ASCENT OF THE MONTANVERTE, VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

The day after I made the pass of the Col de Balme I ascended the Montanverte to the *Mer de Glace*. I will not weary you with a description of this frequently described yet ever strangely wild scene. I mention it only to show the simple process by which an Alpine guide sometimes descends a mountain. In climbing up our zigzag path in our previous ascent, I noticed an inclined plane of snow going straight up the mountain—the relics of the track of avalanches which had fallen during the winter and spring. In returning, the path came close to the top of this inclined plane, which went in a direct line to the path far below. A slide down this I saw would save nearly half a mile, so I sprang on to it, expecting a long, rapid, though perfectly safe descent down the mountain. But the surface was harder than I supposed, and I no sooner struck it than I shot away, like an arrow from a bow. I kept my feet for some time as I tacked and steered, or rather "*was* tacked and steered," straining every muscle to keep my balance, and striking my Alpine stock now on the right hand and now on the left; till exhausted, I fell headlong down the declivity, and went rolling, over and over, till I finally landed, with dizzy head and bruised limbs, amid broken rocks at the bottom. When I had gathered up my senses, I looked round for my companions, and lo, there was my friend, an English gentleman who had started at the same time, about midway of the slope. As he found himself shooting off so rapidly, he wheeled his back down the hill and fell on his hands. This was

not sufficient, however, to arrest his progress, and he came on bear fashion, though at a slower rate. Despite my bruises, I lay amid the rocks and laughed. Our guide stood at the top, convulsed with laughter, till he saw us all safely landed, and then leaped on the inclined plane himself. Throwing one end of his Alpine stock behind him, he leaned almost his entire weight on it. The iron spike sinking in the ice and snow, checked the rapidity of his descent, and steered him at the same time, and he came to the bottom in a slow and gentle slide. So it is in this world: there is no man who cannot find those who will teach him on *some* points.

When I reached the English hotel again I found I had overtasked myself: I began to suspect as much before I had half reached the top of Montanverte. After my exhausting tramp in the soft snow over the Col de Balme I should have lain by a day, but my toilsome day's work and wet feet both had not left me any worse, but on the contrary better—so I concluded to take it on foot up the Montanverte. I believe I should have refused to ride, well or sick, when I came to know how matters stood about a guide and mules. We had hired a guide and mules at Martigny by the day; supposing, of course, we could use them at Chamouni. Acting on this belief, my companions, who had resolved to ride, ordered out their mules; when, to their astonishment, they were told that neither our guide nor our mules could be permitted to ascend the mountain. A *Chamouni* man and *Chamouni* mules must go up the Montanverte or none. This is one of the many niggardly, petty contrivances one meets at every turn in Switzerland to wring money from the pockets of travellers.

I should have done better to have rode even on those conditions, for I was completely fagged out at night, and with more bones aching than I before supposed I carried in me. But after tossing awhile on my feverish couch, I at length fell asleep. How long I was in the land of oblivion I know not, but I awoke to recollection with the most vivid consciousness of possessing ten toes. Such exquisite pain I never before experienced. I turned and twisted on my couch—gathered up my legs like a patriarch to die—held them in my hands—but all in vain: I could think of nothing but torture by slow fire. Every toe I possessed seemed

to have been converted into a taper, which had been lighted, and was slowly burning away. At length I could endure the agony no longer, and rung the bell till I waked up one of the head servants of the house. As he knocked at the door I bade him come in with an emphasis that only made his entrance more studied and careful. "What is the matter, sir?" he enquired in the most provokingly quiet tone. "Matter!" I exclaimed, as I thrust both feet out of the bed, "I want *you* to tell *me* what is the matter. You know all the strange diseases of this infamous country, and I want you to know what has got into my feet." He looked at my swollen, angry toes a moment, and replied with a most bland smile, "Oh, you have blistered your feet—they are snow blistered." Saying this he left the room, and in a few moments returned with some brandy in a saucer, into which he dropped several drops of tallow from his candle, and then rubbed my feet with the mixture. In a few minutes I was relieved, and soon after fell into a quiet slumber; from which I awoke to a half-dreamy state, with a dim consciousness there was music around me. At length, clear, mellow notes of a horn came swelling on my ear. I started up, and looking from my window, saw a shepherd driving his goats to their mountain pasturage. It was early dawn, and as the Alpine strain he blew echoed up the vale of Chamouni, I turned to my pillow again, while my early dreams of the land of the Swiss, with all the distinctness and freshness of their spring-time, came back on my memory.

I have given the above particular account of my blistered feet, and their cure, for the sake of those who may make pedestrian excursions in the Alps. With the first symptoms of sore feet, the application of brandy with tallow dropped in should be made, and much suffering will be escaped.

Taking one evening a stroll down the vale of Chamouni, just as the sun was tinging the Alpine summits with his farewell glories, I came upon one of those unfortunate beings from whom the light of reason has fled. Her hat was loaded down with wild flowers, and grass, and sprigs of every description, while she was toying with a bunch of flowers she held in her hand. As I stood leaning against a wall, she came up and offered me some, talking at the same time in a patois made up apparently of a half dozen lan-

guages, scarcely a word of which I could understand. I declined her flowers at first, but she pressed them on me till I took one, and placing it among my collection, preserved it as a memento of Chamouni.

The register of the English Hotel is loaded down with names interspersed with every variety of remark, in poetry and prose: some grave, some gay, some sentimental, and some comical. The following description of the ascent of Mont Blanc pleased me so much I copied it.

They talk of Helvellyn, Ben Lomond: all stuff!
Mont Blanc is the *daisy* for me sure enough,
For next to the Peek, in the county Mayo,
It bates all the mountains or hills that I know.
Who'd see Mont Blanc fairly must make the ascent,
Although owld —— to look up was content:
I can tell owld T—— that as I mounted higher,
For one aigle he saw, I found three Lammergeyer.
I was up on the top, where, (I tell you no lie)
I could count every rafter that *howlds* up the sky.
I wish to tell truth, and no more, tho' no less,
And its *tirrible* height to *corrictly* express:
I should say if I had but a common balloon,
I could get in one hour with all *aise* to the moon.
If ever you wish on that trip to set out,
You should start from the top of Mont Blanc without doubt:
You'd find the way sure, and the *chapest* to boot,
Since you'd make such a *dale* of the journey *on foot;*
Yet with *one* good, or *two* middling spy-glasses,
You could see from Mont Blanc every action that passes.
I *persaved* the last quarter quite plain through a fog,
Growing out of the *first* like a great moving bog.
In a country so subject to change, I'll be bail,
Some hints could be got of a fair *sliding scale;*
That Peel should there go to enquire, I advise,
For I heartily wish him a flight to the skies.
But again to my subject: I say and *repate* it,
Mont Blanc *bates* all things that were ever created.

As I was determined new wonders to seek,
I went by a route that was somewhat unique:
By the great sea of ice, where I saw the big hole
Where Captain Ross wintered not far from the pole:
The Tropic of Cancer first lay on one side
Like a terrible crevice some forty feet wide:
Farther on I saw Greenland, as green as *owld* Dan,
But "Jardin," the guides called it, all to a man.
I didn't dispute, so we kept under weigh,
Till we come to the *ind* of the great icy *say*,
We saw the great mules "that congealed in a pop,"
When Saussure and Belmet would ride to the top;
Now nothing remains but the petrified bones,
Which mostly resembles a pair of big stones.
I brought my barometer, made by one Kayting,
For fear the weather would want *rigulating;*
But the weight of the air at the top so *increased*,
That the mercury sunk fourteen inches at *laste*.
Thin the *cowld* was so hot—tho' we didn't perspire—
That we made water boil without any fire.
We fired off a gun, but the sound was so small,
That we doubted if truly it sounded at all;
Which smallness was caused (I *towld* my friend Harrison)
Alone by the size of Mont Blanc in comparison.
But to describe all the sights would require
Not powers like mine, but genius far higher:
Not Byron in verse, nor Scott in his prose,
Could give the *laste* notion of Blanc and his snows.
Indeed none should try it but one of the "Lakers,"
Who, if not great wits, are yet great *undertakers:*
And then, of all these, none could do it so well
As the wonderful author of great Peter Bell;
For he to the summit could easily float
Without walking a step—"in his good little boat."
Next to him the great Southey, whose magical power
Paints the fight of the cat in the awful mice tower;
Whose description in words of sublimity set,
Says "the summer and autumn had been so wet."

'Tis spirits like these who are fit to attempt
The labour from which such as I are exempt.

PAT'K MCSWEENY.

But the last night in Chamouni came; and as I stood and leaned out of my window in the moonlight, listening to the turbid Arveron rolling its swollen current through the vale, suddenly a dull, heavy sound, like the booming of distant cannon, rose on the night air. An avalanche had fallen far up amid the Alpine solitudes. Nothing can fill the soul with such strange, mysterious feelings as the sound of avalanches falling at midnight, and alone, amid the Alps.

IV.

PASS OF THE TETE NOIRE.

It may be from early association, or it may be that every one has made a hero of Mont Blanc, but there is something about that majestic form and those splintered pinnacles, standing like so many helmeted sentinels around him; and all that prodigality of snow-fields and glaciers, that has left its impress on my memory and heart for ever. And then that strangely silent, white, mysterious summit, bending its beautiful outline so far in the heavens, seems to be above the turmoil at its base, and apparently wrapped in its own majestic musings. I would have given any thing to have placed my feet upon it and looked down on the world below, but it was too early in the season to think of doing it—indeed, it could not be done even by the chamois hunter, for fresh snow had fallen every few days throughout the season. A French lady, delicate and pale, wept in grief that she could not make the ascent.

The afternoon we mounted our mules for the Tête Noire was dark and overcast, and there was every appearance of an Alpine storm. We had scarcely left the narrow valley and entered the mule path among the mountains, before the blast began to sweep by in gusts, till the fir trees rocked and roared over our heads. Having ascended at length above the region of trees, I turned to catch a last view of Mont Blanc and his glorious mountain guard before I entered the gloomy pass. There he stood with his snowy helmet on, looking down on the vast glaciers that went streaming into the valley below, and on the silent snow-fields stretching away in every direction, and around on the wild chaos of mountains that nature seemed to have piled there in some awful hurry of passion. The scene was indescribable, for the feelings it

awakened had no fixed character. An object of beauty would stand beside an object of terror. A calm and soft snow-field that looked in the distance as if it might be a slumbering place for spirits, went creeping up to as savage a cliff as ever frowned over an abyss; while the gentle mist, "like children gone to their evening repose," slept here and there in chasms that seemed fit only as a place of rendezvous for the storm. Strangely wild and majestic towered away those peaks on the vision. I gazed and gazed, reluctant to say farewell to the wondrous scene.

Just then, a body of mist riding the mountain blast, swept over us, veiling every thing in impenetrable gloom, while the rain began to descend in torrents. Sheltering ourselves under the projecting roof of a Swiss hut that stood a little removed from the path, we waited awhile for the shower to pass over, but it was like waiting for a river to run by—the clouds condensed faster and faster, and the day grew darker and darker, till sudden night seemed about to involve every thing. A feeling of dread crept over me as we wheeled out again into the rain, and turned the drooping and dripping heads of our mules towards the pass. I felt as if we were on the threshold of some gloomy fate, and I defy any one to keep up his spirits when hanging along the cliffs of an Alpine pass in the midst of a pelting Alpine storm. We spurred on, however; now crawling over barren and desolate rocks, now shooting out on to some projecting point that balanced over a deep abyss filled with boiling mist, through which the torrent struggled up with a muffled sound,—and now sinking into a black defile through which the baffled storm went howling like a madman in his cell. As I stood on a ledge, and listened to the war of the elements around, suddenly through a defile that bent around a distant mountain, came a cloud as black as night. Its forehead was torn and rent by its fierce encounter with the cliffs, and it came sweeping down as if inherent with life and a will. It burst over us, drenching us with rain, while the redoubled thunder rolled and cracked among the cliffs like a thousand cannon-shot. Every thing but my mule and the few feet of rock I occupied would be hidden from my sight, and then would come a flash of lightning, rending the robe of mist, as it shot athwart the gloom, revealing a moment some black and heaven-high rock; and then

leaving all again as dark and impenetrable as ever. The path often led along the face of the precipice, just wide enough for my mule; while the mist that was tossing in the abyss below, by concealing its depth; added inconceivably to its mystery and terror. Thus, hour after hour, we toiled on, with every thing but the few feet of rock we occupied shrouded in vapour, except when it now and then rent over some cliff or chasm. I was getting altogether too much of sublimity, and would have gladly exchanged my certainly wild enough path for three or four miles of fair trotting ground. But in spite of my drenched state, I could not but laugh now and then as I saw my three companions and guide straggling along in Indian file, and taking with such a meek, resigned air, the rain on their bowed shoulders.

As we advanced towards the latter end of the pass, I was startled as though I had seen an apparition. The mist, which for a long time had enshrouded every thing, suddenly parted over a distant mountain slope high up on the farther side of the gulf, and a small Swiss hamlet, smiling amid the green pasturages, burst on the vision. I had hardly time to utter an exclamation of surprise before it closed again as before, blotting out every thing from view. I could hardly believe my own senses, so suddenly had the vision come and departed, and stood a long time waiting its re-appearance. But it came no more—the stubborn mist locked it in like the hand of fate. That little eagle-nested hamlet, with its sweet pasturages, came and went like a flash of lightning, yet so distinct was the impression it made, that I could now almost paint it from memory.

Reaching the lower slope of the mountain, we passed a little village utterly prostrate by an avalanche. The descending mass of snow swept clean over it, carrying away church and all. It looked as if some mighty hand had been spread out over the dwellings, and crushed them with a single effort to the earth. It was one scene of ruin and devastation, yet strange to say, though the avalanche fell in the night, only two or three persons were killed. In riding along it was fearful to see where an avalanche had swept, bending down strong trees, as though they were reeds, in its passage.

Soaked through, worn out and depressed, I was glad when the

gloomy path around the Tête Noire (black head) opened into daylight; and the blazing pine fire that was soon kindled up in a dry room, was as welcome as the face of a friend. The only relic I brought away from this pass was an Alpine rose, which my guide plucked from among the rocks, where it lay like a ruby amid surrounding rubbish.

In looking over this description, I see I have utterly failed in giving any adequate conception of the scenery. One would get the impression that there was a single defile, dark and narrow, and nothing more. But when it is remembered that we started at nine, and emerged from the dark forest of Tête Noire at three; one can imagine the variety of scenery that opened like constant surprises upon us. Now we would be climbing a steep mountain—now plunging into a dark gorge filled with boiling mist—now hanging along a cliff, that in its turn hung over an almost bottomless chasm—now stretching across some sweet pasturage—now following a torrent in its desperate plunge through the rocks, and now picking our careful way through as gloomy a forest as ever enclosed a robber's den. I do not know how it may appear in pleasant weather, but the pass of the Tête Noire in the midst of an Alpine storm *is not a pleasure jaunt.*

V.

BATHS OF LEUK.

In coming from the Simplon up the Vallais to Geneva, one passed the baths of Leuk, a little removed from the Rhone. This hamlet, elevated 4500 feet above the level of the sea, is shut in by a circular precipice that surrounds it like a mighty wall, up which you are compelled to climb in steps cut in the face of the solid rock. Its hot springs are visited during the summer months by the French and Swiss for their healing effects. It is something of a task, as one can well imagine, to get an invalid up to these baths. The transportation is entirely by hand, and the terms are regulated by the director of the baths. These regulations are printed in French, and one relating to corpulent persons struck us so comically that we give a translation of it.

"For a person over ten years of age four porters are necessary; if he is above the ordinary weight, six porters; but if he is of an *extraordinary* weight, and the commissary judges proper, two others may be added, but never more."

There are some dozen springs in all, the principal one of which, the St. Lawrence, has a temperature of 124 deg. Fahrenheit. The mode of bathing is entirely unique, and makes an American open his eyes, at first, in unfeigned astonishment. The patient begins by remaining in the bath the short space of *one hour*, and goes on increasing the time till he reaches *eight hours;* four before breakfast and four after dinner. After each bath of four hours' duration, the doctor requires one hour to be passed in bed. This makes in all ten hours per day to the poor patient, leaving him little time for any thing else. To obviate the tediousness of soaking alone four hours in a private bath, the patients all bathe

together. A large shed divided into four compartments, each capable of holding about eighteen persons, constitutes the principal bath house. A slight gallery is built along the partitions dividing the several baths, for visitors to occupy who wish to enjoy the company of their friends, without the inconvenience of lying in the water. This is absolutely necessary, for if eight hours are to be passed in the bath and two in bed, and the person enduring all this is to be left alone in the mean time, the life of an anchorite would be far preferable to it. It is solitary confinement in the penitentiary, with the exception that the cell is a *watery* one. All the bathers, of both sexes and all ages and conditions, are clothed in long woollen mantles with a tippet around their shoulders, and sit on benches ranged round the bath, under water up to their necks. Stroll into this large bathing room awhile after dinner, the first thing that meets your eye is some dozen or fifteen heads bobbing up and down, like buoys, on the surface of the steaming water. There, wagging backwards and forwards, is the shaven crown of a fat old friar. Close beside, the glossy ringlets of a fair maiden, while between, perhaps, is the moustached face of an invalid officer. In another direction, gray hairs are "floating on the tide," and the withered faces of old dames peer "over the flood." But to sit and soak a whole day, even in company, is no slight penalty, and so to while away the lazy hours, one is engaged in reading a newspaper which he holds over his head, another in discussing a bit of toast on a floating table; a third, in keeping a withered nosegay, like a water-lily, just above the surface, while it is hard to tell which looks most dolorous, the withered flowers or her face. In one corner two persons are engaged in playing chess; and in another, three or four more, with their chins just out of water, are enjoying a pleasant "tête-à-tête" about the delectability of being under water, seething away at a temperature of nearly 120 deg., eight hours per day. Persons making their daily calls on their friends are entering and leaving the gallery, or leaning over engaged in earnest conversation with those below them. Not much etiquette is observed in leave-taking, for if the patient should attempt a bow he would duck his head under water. Laughable as this may seem, it is nevertheless a grave matter, and no one would

submit to it except for health, that boon for which the circle of the world is made, the tortures of amputation endured, and the wealth of the millionaire squandered. The strictest decorum is preserved, and every breach of propriety punished by the worthy burgomaster with a fine of two francs or thirty-seven and a half cents. A set of regulations is hung against the walls specifying the manner with which every patient is to conduct himself or herself.—As specimens, we give articles 7 and 9, which will also be found in Mr. Murray's guide book.

"Art. 7. Personne ne peut entrer dans les bains sans être revetue d'une chemise longue, et ample, d'une étoffe grossière, sous peine de 2 fr. d'amende."

"Art. 9. La même peine sera encouir par ceux qui n'en entreraient pas, ou n'en sortiraient pas d'une manière décente."

Translation. Art. 7. No one is permitted to enter these baths without being clothed in a long, ample, and thick "*chemise*," under the penalty of a fine of 2 francs.

Art. 9. The same penalty will be incurred by those who do not enter or depart in a becoming manner.

Great care is taken that every thing should be done "decently and in order," and there is nothing to prevent people from behaving themselves while sitting on benches *under* water as well as *above* water.

About a mile and a half from these baths is the little village of Albinen, perched on the top of the precipice that hems in the valley of Leuk on every side like a huge wall. The only direct mode of communication between the inhabitants of Leuk and this village is by a series of nearly a dozen ladders going up the face of the precipice. They are of the rudest kind, and fastened to the rock with hooked sticks. Yet the peasants ascend and descend them all times of the day and night and at all seasons of the year. The females have added to their usual dress the pantaloons of the men. This has become so universal, that in climbing the mountains around, they tuck up their dresses, and appear at a little distance like boys. Thus do these rude peasantry, following the instincts of nature and modesty, combine convenience and propriety, and retain their fashions from one generation to another. It is said that pantalets had their origin here.

VI.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON. GENEVA. JUNCTION OF THE RHONE AND ARVE.

The night after we left Martigny, we slept on the shores of Lake Geneva, in close view of Chillon. This Castle has become immortal by accident. In passing round Lake Geneva, in 1816, Byron got caught in a rain-storm, and remained two days in the little village of Ochy, in a mere hut of an inn. Having nothing else to do, he wrote in the mean time, "The Prisoner of Chillon," the characters of which poem lived only in his own imagination. At that time he was even unacquainted with the story of Bonnivard, which might have been made the basis of a very beautiful poem. When he afterwards heard of it, he wrote a sonnet on the noble prior of Victor, in which he says:

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
> Until its very steps have left a trace
> Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
> For they appeal from tyranny to God."

I regard the "Prisoner of Chillon" one of the most beautiful pieces Byron ever wrote. It has all his passion and fancy, without any of his wickedness. It is tender, touching and beautiful, and ought to make any place immortal. Yet we confess that the old castle standing on a rock in the lake did not owe its chief charm to us from this poem. We thought of the patriot Bonnivard, who suffered here for endeavouring to make Geneva free. A freeman, and loving freedom more than life, he withstood, though only Prior of St. Victor, the tyrannical Duke of Savoy and

his own heartless Bishop. Driven from Geneva, he was betrayed into the hands of the Duke, and cast into a dungeon of this castle, below the surface of the lake. Chained to a column of stone, the bold-hearted Prior passed six long years in solitary confinement. The ring still remains in the pillar to which his chain was attached, and the solid pavement is worn in, by the constant tread of his feet as he paced to and fro in his dungeon. The only music that greeted his ear, year after year, was the low dashing of the waters against his prison walls, or the shock of the waves as the tempest hurled them on the steadfast castle. Year after year he trod the self-same spot, while the iron rusted on his stiffening limbs, and hope grew fainter and fainter round his heart. He struggled to free others, and got a chain upon his own limbs. But he had one consolation, that which cheers the martyr in every age and in every noble cause: that was—

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers."

At length, one day, as he was slowly pacing to and fro in his silent dungeon, he heard a murmur without, like the coming of a storm. The castle quivered on its strong foundations, but it could not be from the waves against its sides. He listened again; there were human voices in the air, and the shout of a multitude shook the very rock on which he stood. A deeper paleness spread over Bonnivard's cheek, and then a sudden flush shot to his temples as hope kindled in his heart. Blows are mingled with the shouts—the crash of falling timbers is heard—the outer gate is forced, and like the blast of a trumpet rings over the storm the name of "BONNIVARD! BONNIVARD!" Nothing can withstand the excited throng. Bolts and bars rend before them—the gates shake, totter and fall. At length they reach Bonnivard's dungeon, against which blows are rained like hail stones. The massive gate quivers and yields and falls, and a thousand voices rend the very walls with the shout—"BONNIVARD, YOU ARE FREE!" What said the patriot then? Forgetful of himself—of his own freedom—thinking only of his country, he cried out—

"And Geneva?"

"Is FREE TOO!" came back like the roar of the sea. The

Swiss had wrested from the hands of Charles V. of Savoy the whole Pays du Vaud. Chillon held out to the last; but besieged by 7,000 Swiss by land, and the Genevese gallies by sea, it was at length taken. It was like waking up from a dream to Bonnivard. When he descended into his dungeon, Geneva was subject to the Duke of Savoy, and was a Catholic State. When he came forth, Geneva was free, a republic, and professing the reformed faith.

Byron has made free use of the poet's privilege to exaggerate, in speaking of the depth of the lake. He says:—

> "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls—
> A thousand feet in depth below
> Its massy waters meet and flow:
> Thus much the fathom line was sent,
> From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

A poet should never go into statistics of this sort, for other folks can measure as well as he, though they may not write poetry. There is no place in the region of the castle more than 280 feet deep.

I will not weary one with the mere names of the beautiful places and views around this sweet lake. The sentimentalist would talk of Clarens and Rousseau and his Julie; the sceptic, of Voltaire and Ferney: but we visited neither place, having no sympathy with the morbid, sickly, and effeminate sentimentality of the one, or with the heartless scoffing wit of the other. The garden in which Gibbon finished his history of Rome is shown at Lausanne. He first conceived the idea of his history while sitting on a broken column in the Coliseum, and ended it on the banks of Lake Geneva. He says: "It was on the day or rather the night of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent." This remarkable passage throws open the feelings of the inner man at the close of his arduous work. Is it not strange that a man of

such intellect and sentiment should see no God in history or nature? In the ruins of Rome at his feet, surmounted every where by the cross, he could see nothing but the work of human passions and human cunning. So in the placid lake, smiling in the moonlight; and in the towering Alps folding their mighty summits away on the nightly heavens, he could behold nothing but the aspect of nature. To him the world had no plan or purpose, and the busy centuries no mission or meaning. The heavens and the earth were a mere poem—the history of man a short episode—and both an accident. How a man with such views could give himself up to the contemplations Gibbon did, and escape suicide, is a mystery to me. I could not live in such a planless, aimless creation. Give me no steady centre to these mighty mutations—no stable throne amid these rocking kingdoms and shaking orbs—no clear and controlling mind to this wild chaos of ideas and passions—no great and glorious result to all this mysterious and awful preparation,—and Reason herself would become as wild and confused and aimless as they. A great mind, without a God, is to us the most melancholy thing in the universe.

Lake Geneva lies in the shape of a half-moon with the horns curved towards the South, and is the largest lake in Switzerland, being 55 miles long. It has one strange phenomenon. In different parts of the lake, but more frequently near Geneva, the water suddenly rises, at times, from two to five feet. It never remains in this position more than 25 minutes, when it again falls back to its original level. These are called *seiches*, and the only explanation given of them is the unequal pressure of the atmosphere on the surface at different times. This, however, is mere conjecture.

But the shores constitute the beauty of Lake Geneva. Sloping down to the water's edge, covered with villas, villages, and cultivated fields, and hallowed by such sweet as well as stirring associations, it seems more like a dream-land than a portion of our rough earth. There is an atmosphere, an influence, a something around it that takes the heart captive at once, and the lips will murmur

> "Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
> With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing

Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring:
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from destruction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved
That I with stern delights should e'er have been thus moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk yet clear,
Mellowed and mingled, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more.

At intervals some bird from out the brakes
Starts into life a moment, then is still;
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy,—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away."

Yet quiet and dreamy as these shores appear, stern practical men have lived upon them, and the name of Calvin goes down with that of Geneva and Switzerland in the history of the world. Calvin and Rousseau! what a strange connection; yet they are linked together in the history of Geneva. The church still stands where the itinerant preacher and foreigner first thundered forth his denunciations against the dissolute town. Elevated to the control of the republic, he was just the man to sway its turbulent democracy. Stern, fearless, and decided, he marked out his course of policy, and made every thing bend to it. Take even some of the most arbitrary of his enactments, and they show the clear-sightedness of the man. Among them we find that only five dishes were allowed for a dinner to ten persons. Plush breeches were forbidden to be worn; violation of the Sabbath was punished by a public admonition from the pulpit, and adultery with death; while the gamester was exposed in the pillory, with a pack of cards suspended round his neck. These things

awaken a smile or sneer in these more liberal days, but whoever shall write the last history of republics will prove that such apparently bigoted enactments, sprung out of the clearest practical wisdom. A republic without the severity of Puritan manner, we believe is impossible for any length of time; that is while men are so depraved they will use their liberty for the gratification of their passions. The (so called) "straight-laced Puritan" is, after all, the only man who knows any thing of the true genius of a republic among men such as we find them. Calvin and Rousseau! which, after all, was the true republican? the sentimental dreamer or the stern Presbyterian? These two names stand in Geneva like great indexes, pointing out the characters of the 30,000 persons who annually pass through it, by showing which way their sympathies flow. One portion looks on Calvin to sneer, the other on Rousseau to sigh.

The deep blue tint of the waters of the Rhone as it leaves the lake has often been commented upon. As it rushes under the bridges of the town, it looks as if a vast quantity of indigo had been emptied into it, tinging it as we have seen water in no other part of the world. About a mile and a half from town, this stream of "heavenly dye" receives the turbid waters of the Arve into its bosom. The Arve is a furious stream, and comes pouring down from Mont Blanc, loaded with the debris of the mountains, till it looks like a river of mud. When the clear blue Rhone first meets this rash innovator of its purity, it refuses to hold any companionship with it, and retires in apparent disgust to the opposite bank, and for a long way the waters flow on with the separating line between the muddy white and pellucid blue, as clearly drawn as the shore itself. But the Arve finally conquers, and fuses all its corrupt waters into the Rhone, which never after recovers its clearness till it falls into the sea. We followed the bank along for some distance, watching with the intensest interest this struggle between corruption and purity. There was an angry, rash, and headlong movement to the turbid Arve, while the stainless waters of the Rhone seemed endeavouring, by yielding, to escape the contagious touch of its companion. What a striking emblem of the steady encroachment of bad principles and desires when once admitted into the heart, or of the corrupting influence of

bad companionship on a pure mind. The Arve, for the time being, seemed endowed with consciousness, and a feeling of anger involuntarily arose within me at its unblushing effrontery in thus crowding back the beautiful Rhone from its own banks, and forcing it to receive its disgusting embrace. The world is full of histories of which the Rhone and Arve are the type.

VII.

FREYBOURG ORGAN AND BRIDGES.—SWISS PECULIARITIES.

Nothing strikes the traveller more than the peculiar customs attached to the separate cantons of Switzerland. Although bordering on each other, and each but a few miles across, yet they retain from generation to generation their own peculiar dress and money. The traveller becomes perfectly confused with the latter. The dress of the female peasantry is not only dissimilar in the different cantons, but odd as it well can be. In one, the head-dress will be an immensely broad-brimmed straw hat, without any perceptible crown; in another a man's hat; in a third a diminutive thing perched on the top of the head; and in a fourth a black crape cap, with a wing on each side projecting out like huge fans. The latter you find in Freybourg, and this reminds us of the two magnificent wire bridges in the town itself, and the immense organ. The latter has 7800 pipes, some of them 32 feet long, and 64 stops. It is an instrument of tremendous power, and though the traveller is compelled to pay eleven francs to hear it on a week-day, it is worth the money. At first, one imagines a trick is played upon him, and that a full orchestra accompanies the organ. The mellow tones melt in and float away with the heavier notes, as if a band of musicians were playing out of sight. Many refuse to believe it is not a deception till they go up and examine every part of the instrument. The effect is perfectly bewildering. There is the trombone, the clarionet, the flute, the fife, and ever and anon, the clear ringing note of the trumpet. The performance is closed with an imitation of a thunder storm, in which the wonderful power of the instrument is fully tested. At first you

hear the low distant growl swelling up, and then slowly dying away. The next peal breaks on the ear with a more distinct and threatening sound. Nearer and nearer rolls up the thunder-cloud, sending its quick and heavy discharges through the atmosphere, till clap follows clap with stunning rapidity, rolling and crashing through the building till its solid arches tremble as if the real thunders of heaven were bursting overhead. I did not dream that a single instrument could possess so much power.

There are two suspension bridges in Freybourg; one remarkable for its great length, the other for its extreme beauty. The latter connects the top of two mountains, swinging over a frightful gulf that makes one dizzy to look down into. There are no buttresses or mason-work in sight at a little distance. Shafts are sunk in the solid rock of the mountains, down which the wires that sustain it are dropped. There it stretches, a mere black line nearly 300 feet in the heavens, from summit to summit. It looks like a spider's web flung across a chasm; its delicate tracery showing clear and distinct against the sky. While you are looking at the fairy creation suspended in mid-heaven, almost expecting the next breeze will waft it away, you see a heavy wagon driven on it. You shrink back with horror at the rashness that could trust so frail a structure at that dizzy height. But the air-hung cobweb sustains the pressure, and the vehicle passes in safety. Indeed, weight steadies it, while the wind, as it sweeps down the gulf, makes it swing under you.

The large suspension bridge is supported on four cables of iron wire, each one composed of 1,056 wires. As the Menai bridge of Wales is often said to be longer than this, we give the dimensions of both as we find them in Mr. Murray: Freybourg, length 905 feet, height 174 feet, breadth 28 feet; Menai, length 580 feet, height 130 feet, breadth 25 feet. A span of 905 feet, without any intermediate pier, seems impossible at first, and one needs the testimony of his own eyes before he can fully believe it.

But to the customs of the Swiss. I do not speak of them here because I have witnessed them all thus far on my route, or in any part of it, but because they seem to fill out a chapter best just here. Of some of these customs I speak as an eye-witness—of others simply as a historian. There is one connected with edu-

cation which exerts a wonderful influence on society. In the large towns the children of similar age and sex are gathered together by their parents in little societies called *societies des dimanches*. These little clubs are composed of twelve or fourteen children, selected by the parents with a view to their adaptedness to amuse and benefit each other. They meet in turn at the houses of the different parents every Sabbath evening. Their nurses are with them, and the time is spent in amusements common to children. As they grow older these amusements are combined with instruction. This kind of intimacy creates strong friendships which last long after they are dispersed and scattered over the world, and even through life. Girls thus linked together in childhood retain their affection in maturer life, and even in womanhood distinguish each other by the tender appellations of "*ma mignonne*," "*mon cœur*," "*mon ange*." This is one great reason why Swiss society is so exclusive, and it is so difficult for a stranger to press beyond its mere formalities. The rank of the husband in Switzerland depends altogether upon that of his wife. Immediately on their marriage he steps into *her* rank, be it above or below that which he formerly occupied.

There has been much written about Swiss melodies, and the custom of singing in the open air, in that clear high falsetto is singularly wild and thrilling. The cow herds and dairy maids seem never weary of mingling their voices together in the clear mountain air of the Alps. The effect of it on the traveller is often astonishing. Southey, in speaking of it, says, "Surely the wildest chorus that was ever heard by human ears: a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice is used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce; sweet, powerful and thrilling beyond description." The Alp horn, which is merely a tube of wood five or six feet long, bound about with birch bark, is capable of the most melodious sound, when softened and prolonged by the mountain echoes, I ever heard.

Nothing in my boyhood captivated my imagination more than the custom which was said to prevail in Switzerland, of the peasantry calling out to each other, as the last sunlight left the highest Alpine peak,—"Praise the Lord." But it loses some of its poe-

try heard on the spot. It is confined to the more rude and pastoral districts in the Catholic cantons. Having no church near to ring the accustomed vesper bell, its place is supplied by the Alp horn. A cowherd stationed on the highest peaks reclines along some rock, and as the golden sunlight leaves the last heaven-piercing snow-summit, he utters through his mellow horn the first five or six notes of the psalm commencing "Praise ye the Lord." The strain is caught up and prolonged by the mountain echoes and answered from other distant peaks, till the soul-thrilling cadences seem to die away on the portals of heaven. The tones of the horn are indescribably sweet and subduing, awaking all the dormant poetry of a man's nature. But the *custom* which once seemed to me to be the very embodiment of religion and poetry together, appeared, after all, a very business-like and prosaic matter. It being necessary to carry out the Catholic observance, a horn is substituted for the vesper bell, which one hears ringing every evening in Catholic countries for the same purpose. There is just as much religion in the call of the muezzin from the minaret of some Moslem tower, which one hears at every turn in Turkey. Nay this very custom, which has been more spoken of, more poetized, perhaps, than all others, prevails in some parts of our own country. I remember being in my grown-up boyhood once in an Indian missionary station of the Methodist denomination, where a similar expedient was adopted. Strolling at evening along the banks of a stream, I suddenly heard the prolonged blast of a horn sounding very much like a dinner horn. Its long continuance at that time of night awakened my curiosity, and on inquiring the cause of it, I was informed it was to call the Indians to prayer meeting. A conch shell had supplied the place of a bell. Bending my own steps thither, I arrived just in time to find a low school-house crowded with dusky visages, while the whole multitude was singing at the top of their voices "Old ship Zion." Here was the Alpine custom on which so much sentiment has been expended, but combined with vastly more sense and religion.

At the sound of this vesper bell, alias Alp horn, the peasants uncover their heads, and falling on their knees repeat their evening prayers, and then shut up their cattle and retire to their homes.

The "*Ranz des Vaches,*" which is commonly supposed to be a single air, stands in Switzerland for a class of melodies, the literal meaning of which is *cow-rows*. The German word is Kureihen—rows of cows. It derives its origin from the manner the cows march home along the Alpine paths at milking time. The shepherd goes before, keeping every straggler in its place by the tones of his horn, while the whole herd wind along in Indian file obedient to the call. From its association it always creates home-sickness in a Swiss mountaineer when he hears it in a foreign land. It is said these melodies are prohibited in the Swiss regiments attached to the French army because it produces so many desertions. One of the "*Ranz des Vaches*" brings back to his imagination his Alpine cottage—the green pasturage—the bleating of his mountain goats—the voices of the milk-maids, and all the sweetness and innocence of a pastoral life; till his heart turns with a sad yearning to the haunts of his childhood and the spot of his early dreams and early happiness.

The Swiss retain their old fondness for rifle shooting, and there is annually a grand rifle match at some of the large towns, made up of the best marksmen in all Switzerland. There are also yearly contests in wrestling called Zwing Feste, the most distinguished wrestlers at which are from Unterwalden, Appenzel and Berne. Goitre and Cretinism prevail in some parts of the Alps to a fearful extent, and have prevailed for ages if we can believe Juvenal, who asks—

"Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?"

Goitre, it is well known, is a swelling of the thyroid gland or adjoining parts in front of the neck. It increases with years and hangs down on the breast in a most disgusting and shocking manner. The painful spectacle almost destroys one's pleasure in travelling in many parts of the Alps. Cretinism inhabits the same localities, and is still more painful, for it affects the mind. The limbs become shrivelled and shrunk, the head enlarged, and the afflicted being an idiot. He sits in the sun all day long, and as you approach clamours piteously for money. Dr. McClelland made experiments over a territory of more than a thousand square miles, to test the effect of certain localities on this disease. Mr.

Murray quotes from him the following statement showing the proportion between the healthy and sick: as the result of his observation,

Granite and gneiss—goitre 1-500; cretins none.
Mica slate and hornblende slate—goitre none; cretins none.
Clay slate—goitre 1-136; cretins none.
Transition slate—goitre 1-149; cretins none.
Steatic sandstone—goitre none; cretins none.
Calcareous rock—goitre 1-3; cretins 1-32.

Thus it is seen that low and moist places are more subject to these diseases, while the high and dry portions are comparatively exempt. Confined vallies and ground frequently overflowed are also unfavorable localities. The goitre is hereditary, but does not make its appearance till puberty. It is more common among the females than males.

How singular it is that among the most glorious scenery on the earth, we find man subject to a disease that deforms him the most. And what is still more singular, it is among the most beautiful vallies in all the Alps that the inhabitants are peculiarly subject to these diseases. Thus beauty and deformity go hand in hand over the world.

VIII.

INTERLACHEN, PASS OF THE WENGERN ALP, BYRON'S MANFRED.

INTERLACHEN is as sweet a valley as ever slept in the bosom of nature. At a little distance from it, Lake Thun, with its placid sheet of water, stretches up towards Berne, serving as a mirror to the snow-peaks of Stockhorn, Wiesen, Eigher and Monch, that rise in solemn majesty from its quiet shore. An English yacht has been turned into a steamboat, whose tiny proportions remind one more of a slender model in a toy-shop than a real practical steamboat.

Interlachen seems out of the world, and its retired position and magnificent scenery have converted it into an English colony; for two-thirds of the summer visitors are Englishmen. All the houses seem "pensions" or boarding houses, and with their white-washed walls and large piazzas burst on you at every step from amid the surrounding trees. Set back in the bosom of the Alps, with the Jungfrau rising in view—its endless rides and shaded walks make it one of the sweetest spots in the world. And then in summer, the contrast between the richly clad visitors that swarm it in every direction, and the rustic appearance of the peasantry and the place itself, make it seem more like a dream-land. Near by are the ruins of the castle of Unspunnen, the reputed residence of Manfred. Standing as it does in the very midst of the scenery in which that drama is laid, Byron doubtless had it in mind when he wrote it. Near by, in the quiet valley, there are every year gymnastic games among the peasantry, such as wrestling, pitching the stone, &c. These games owed their origin to a touching incident in the history of Burkhard, the last male de-

scendant of the family who owned the castle. A young knight belonging to the court of Berchtold of Zahringen fell in love with Ida, the only daughter of the proud Burkhard; but as a deadly feud had long subsisted between the two families, the old baron sternly refused his consent to the marriage. The result was that the young Rudolph scaled the castle walls one night, and, carrying off the willing Ida, made her his bride. A bloody war commenced, which was carried on without advantage to either party. At length, one day, as the old baron was sitting moodily in his room, pondering on his desolate condition, the door gently opened, and young Rudolph and Ida stood before him, holding their beautiful and fair-haired boy by the hand. Without attendants, alone and unarmed, they had thrown themselves in simple faith, on the strength of a father's love. The silent appeal was irresistible. The old man opened his arms, and his children fell in tears on his bosom. He received them into his castle, made Rudolph heir to his vast possessions, and said, "Let this day be forever celebrated among us." Rustic games were established in consequence, and now, with every return of the day, the sweet valley of Interlachen rings with the mirth of the mountaineer.

It was a dark and gloomy morning when we started for Lauterbrunnen. An Alpine storm swept through the valley, and the heaving, lifting clouds buried the snow-peaks around in impenetrable mist, leaving only the black bases in sight. The rain fell as if the clouds themselves were falling.

In the midst of this storm we plunged into the savage gorge of the Lutschine, and entered upon a scene of indescribable grandeur and gloom. Perpendicular cliffs rose on each side, against which the angry clouds were dashing in reckless energy, while the black torrent of the Lutschine went roaring by, flinging its spray even to our carriage wheels. As we emerged into the valley of Lauterbrunnen, a peasant girl came to the side of the carriage, with a little basket of strawberries in her hand, and trotted along by our side, singing one of those strangely wild Alpine chorusses, made doubly so by the clear, ringing falsetto tone in which they are sung. At Lauterbrunnen we breakfasted in a cold room. I ate with my cloak on, stopping now and then to warm my hands over the tea-pot. Suddenly a burst of sunlight

told us the storm had broken. A general "hurra!" hailed the cheering omen, and in a moment all was bustle and preparation for a march over the Wengern Alp.

Nearly 20 miles were before us, and to be made at the rate of about two and a half miles per hour. I let my companions march on, while I paid a hasty visit to the falls of Staubach, (dust-fall) so named because the water, falling from the height of 800 or 900 feet, is dashed into mist before it reaches the bottom. It comes leaping right over the top of the mountain in its bold, desperate plunge for the valley. Byron, in describing it, says, "The torrent is in shape, curling over the rock, like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind; such as it might be conceived would be that of the pale horse on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water: but something between both. Its immense height gives it a wave or curve—a spreading here and a condensation there—wonderful and indescribable." After getting pretty well soaked in its spray, I plucked a blue flower near its foot, and turned to join my companions, who were now slowly winding up the opposite mountain in a narrow mule-path, that seemed itself to have a hard struggle to master the bold hill. Up and up we panted, now rejoicing in the clear sunlight, and now drenched in rain as a cloud dashed over us. Reaching at length a long slope of pasturage land, I ran to the edge of a precipice and looked down on the valley of Lauterbrunnen, now dwindled to a green ditch—and across on Staubach, that seemed merely a silver thread dangling over the rock. The echo of the woodman's axe came at intervals across the valley, whose shining steel I could see through my glass, coming down for a second blow ere the sound of the first could reach me.

Pressing slowly up the ascent, my steps were suddenly arrested by one of the sweetest, clearest tones I ever heard. Rich, mellow and full, it rose and fell in heart-piercing melody along the mountain. It was the Alpine horn. This instrument, which I have described before, is a great favourite of the Swiss. A young mountaineer lay stretched on a rock, across which the horn rested, and saluted us as we approached with one of the wildest yet softest strains I ever listened to. He had selected a

spot where the echo was the clearest and the longest prolonged, and I stood in perfect raptures as the sound was caught up by peak after peak, and sent back in several distinct echoes. Long after the mountaineer had ceased blowing would the different peaks catch up the simple notes and throw them onward, refined and softened till it seemed like a concert of unseen beings breathing their mellowest strains in responsive harmony. I looked on those awfully wild precipices that scoffed the heavens with their jagged and broken summits, with increased respect every moment, from the sweet rich tones they were thus able to send back. But I must confess they were the roughest looking choristers I ever saw perform. It seemed really a great feat to make such music, and I thought I would try my skill; so putting my mouth to the instrument I blew away—Heavens! what a change!—every mountain seemed snarling at me, and the confused echoes finally settled down into a steady growl. I gave back the horn to the young mountaineer, while the peaks around suddenly fell fifty per cent. in my estimation.

A July sun pretended to be shining, but we soon after came on fresh snow that had fallen the night before. Byron pelted Hillhouse on this spot with snow-balls—*I* pelted my guide, though the poor fellow had not the faintest idea, as he dodged and ducked his head to escape the balls, that I was making him stand as representative of Hillhouse. Before us rose the Jungfrau, clothed with snow of virgin purity from the base to the heaven-piercing summit. A deep ravine separates the path of the traveller from the mountain, which from its colossal size so destroys the effect of distance, that although miles intervene, it seems but a few rods off.

Reaching the chalet near the summit, we stopped to rest and to hear the roar of avalanches, that fell every few minutes from the opposite mountains. I wish I could convey some idea of the stupendous scenery that here overwhelms the amazed spectator. Look up and up, and see the zenith cut all up with peaks, white as unsullied snow can make them, while ever and anon adown their pure bosoms streams the reckless avalanche, filling these awful solitudes with its thunder, till the heart stops and trembles in the bosom. I never before stood so humbled in the presence

of nature. Sometimes you would see the avalanches as they rushed down the mountain, and sometimes you caught only their roar, as they fell from the opposite side of some cliff, into a gulf untrod by foot of man or beast.

Byron says, in his journal of the view from the summit, "On one side our view comprised the Jungfrau with all her glaciers, then the Dent d'Argent, shining like truth; then the little giant and the great giant; and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. The clouds rose from the opposite valley curling up perpendicular precipices, like the foam of the ocean of hell during springtide—it was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance."

The keeper of the chalet had a small Mortar, which he fired off at our request. Ten distinct echoes came back. From deep and awful silence these innumerable peaks seemed aroused into sudden and almost angry life. Report after report, like the rapid discharge of a whole bank of artillery, thundered through the clear air. At length the echoes one by one sunk slowly away, and I thought all was over. Fainter and fainter they grew till nothing but a low rumbling sound was heard in the distance, when suddenly, without warning or preparation, there was a report like the blast of the last trumpet. I instinctively clapped my hands to my ears in affright. It came from the distant Wetterhorn, and rolled and rattled and stormed through the mountains, till it seemed as if every peak was loosened from its base, and all were falling and crushing together. It was absolutely terrific. Its fearful echo had scarcely died away before the avalanches which the sudden jar had loosened began to fall. Eight fell in almost as many minutes. The thunder of one blended in with the thunder of another, till one continuous roar passed along the mountains. The tumult ceased as suddenly as it commenced and the deep and awful silence that followed was painful; and my imagination painted those falling masses of snow and ice as half-conscious monsters, crushed to death in the deep ravines.

But every flight has its fall; and I was brought back to matters of fact most effectually by the very respectful request of the man who fired the mortar for his pay. On asking how much he demanded I found that the avalanches had cost a trifle over *three*

cents apiece, to say nothing of the echoes and the hurly burly in general. This was getting them dirt cheap, and I burst into a laugh that might have started another avalanche without any great violation of avalanche principles.

But, seriously, this multiplication and increased power of a single echo was something entirely new to me, and I could not have believed it possible had I not heard it. Speaking of it afterwards to a German professor, he remarked that the same thing once happened to him in the Tyrol. He was travelling with an English nobleman, and had come to a quiet lake amid the mountains on the shores of which the nobleman sat dropping pebbles into the clear water and watching their descent to the bottom. The professor had heard of the wonderful echo in this spot; so, carefully drawing a pistol from his pocket, he suddenly fired it behind the Englishman. The report that followed was like the breaking up of the very foundations of nature. The nobleman clapped his hands to his ears and fell on his face, thinking an avalanche was certainly upon him.

About two miles from this chalet is the summit of the pass, 6280 feet above the level of the sea, or higher than the highest mountain in the United States;—while around rise peaks *seven thousand feet* higher still. The view from this spot is indescribable. The words "sublime," "grand," "awful," &c. cease to have a meaning here to one who has applied them to so much less objects. The mind reaches out for words to express its emotions and finds none. The Jungfrau or Virgin—now no longer virgin since a few adventurous feet have profaned the pure white summit—the Monch—the Great and Little Eighers, or giants, and peaks innumerable tear up the heavens on every side, while a mantle of snow is wrapped over all. Glaciers cling around these heaven high peaks and go streaming in awful splendour into the cavities between, where they flow out into icy seas from which the sunbeams flash back as from ten thousand silver helmets. On this spot, amid this savage and overwhelming scenery, Byron says he composed a part of his Manfred. It is his own soliloquy as he gazes upward, that he puts in the mouth of Manfred.

"Ye toppling crags of ice—
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down

In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crush with a frequent conflict, but ye pass
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.
The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell."

There is no work of the fancy here, no creation of the poet—it is simple description—the plain English of what passes before the traveller who stands here in early summer. The awful silence that follows the crash of an avalanche adds tenfold sublimity and solitude to the Alps.

After having gazed our fill we mounted our animals and began to descend. But the snow-crust would give way every few steps, when down would go horse and rider. After having been thrown two or three times over the head of my animal, I picked myself up for the last time, and with the sullen unamiable remark that he might take care of himself, made my way on foot. Coming at length to solid ground I looked back to see how he got along, and could not but laugh at the sorry figure he cut in the snow. The crust would bear him for several steps, when down he would go to his girth. Extricating himself with great care he would step gingerly along with nose close to the surface and half crouched up as if he expected every moment another tumble. His expectations I must say were seldom disappointed, till at length when he came to where I stood he looked as meek and subdued as a whipped hound.

Mounting, we rode away for the valley of Grindelwald.

IX.

THE GRAND SCHEIDECK: AN AVALANCHE.

The little valley of Grindelwald received us as we descended the Wengern Alp. Before entering it, as we passed down the mountain, up to our hips in snow, one of those picturesque scenes which so often occur in Switzerland burst upon us. From a deep valley directly beneath us, smiling in all the freshness of summer vegetation, came the tinkling of hundreds of bells. The green pasturage was literally covered with herds of cattle, and flocks of goats. All around, rose the gigantic snow peaks and hung the fearful precipices, while there on that green secluded spot was the perfect impersonation of repose and quiet. The music of those countless bells rung and mingled in the clear mountain air in endless variations, and were sent back by the giant peaks, redoubled and multiplied, till there was a perfect storm of sound. As I passed down through the snow, the echoes grew fainter and fainter, till the mountains held them all in their own bosom—yet that scene of quietness and beauty has left its impression forever on my heart.

As I descended into the valley of Grindelwald, and saw the brown huts sprinkled all over the distant slopes, I felt how hard it must be to conquer Switzerland. When an army had wound over the narrow and difficult pass, and driven back the hardy mountaineers, and burned up their homes, still they had not conquered them. Hid amid hollows and fastnesses, unknown to their enemies, they could put them at defiance forever.

While tea was preparing, I walked through the valley and past the parsonage, into which the minister and his two daughters

were just entering, from their evening walk. The valley lay in deep shadow, while the last sunbeams still lingered on a distant glacier, that shone like burnished silver in the departing light. That sweet parsonage, in that quiet spot, amid the everlasting Alps and the roar of its torrents and avalanches, seemed almost beyond the reach of heart-sickening cares and disappointments. I grew weary of my roving, and felt that I had found at last *one* spot out of human ills. Just then, I remembered that the pastor and his two daughters were clad in deep mourning. "Ah!" I sighed, as I turned away, "death has been here, turning this quiet spot into a place of tears. He treads an Alpine valley with as firm a step and unrelenting a mien as the thronged street; and man may search the world over, and he will only find at last a spot on which to grieve."

While at tea, three peasant girls came into the room and began one of their Alpine choruses, in that high, clear falsetto you hear nowhere but in Switzerland. These chants are singularly wild and thrilling, and in the present instance were full of sweetness; but their effect was lost the moment I remembered it was all done for *money*.

The day had been one of toil, snd the night was disturbed and restless. Unable to sleep, I rose about midnight and looked out of my window, and lo! the moon hung right over a clear, cold glacier, that seemed almost within reach of my hand. The silent, white and mighty form looked like a monster from the unseen world, and I fairly shuddered as I gazed on it. It seemed to hang over the little hamlet like a cold and silent foe. In the morning, I went *under* it. These masses of ice melt in the summer, where they strike the valley, and the superincumbent weight presses down, urging up rocks and earth that no power of man could stir. This slowly descending glacier had done its share of this work, and had thrown up quite a hill, where it had plunged its mighty forehead in the earth; but had encountered in its passage one rock that seemed a mere projection from the solid stratum below, and hence could not be moved. The glacier had therefore shoved slowly over it, leaving a cave running from the foot up to where the rock lay imbedded in it. I entered this cave, and the green and blue roof was smooth as polished silver, while a pool at

the bottom, acting as a mirror to *this* mirror, perfectly bewildered the eye in looking into it.

There are two glaciers that descend entirely into the valley, and push their frozen torrents against the bosoms of the green pasturages. Their silvery forms fringed with fir trees, while their foreheads are bathed in the green meadow below, furnish a striking contrast to the surrounding scenery. One can ascend for nearly four miles along the margin of the lower glacier on his mule, and will be amply repaid for the trouble. It was on this glacier that the clergyman of Vevay, M. Mouron, was lost —the account of which is in almost every book of travels. It was supposed at first that his guide had murdered him ; but after twelve days search his body was found at the bottom of a crevice in the ice, said to be *seven hundred feet* deep. A guide was let down to the bottom by a rope, with a lantern round his neck, and after descending twice in vain, the third time was drawn up with the body in his arms. He was much broken and bruised, but it was impossible to tell whether he was killed instantly by the fall, or whether he lay crushed in that awful chasm, breathing his life away in protracted gasps.

Mounting our horses, we started for the grand Scheideck, nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. As we approached that "peak of tempests"—the Wetterhorn—whose bare cliff rose straight up thousands of feet from the path to the regions of eternal snow, one of the guides exclaimed—"*Voila ! voila !*" and another in German, "*Sehen sie ! sehen sie !*" while I screamed in English, *Look ! look !* And it was time to look ; for from the topmost height of the Wetterhorn suddenly arose something like white dust, followed by a movement of a mighty mass, and the next moment an awful white form leaped away, and, with almost a single bound of more than two thousand feet,* came directly into our path, a short distance before us. As it struck the earth, the crushed snow rose like vapour from the foot of a cataract, and rolled away in a cloud of mist over a hill of fir trees, which it sprinkled white in its passage. The shock was like a

* The guide said between two and three thousand feet. I have tried in vain to ascertain the exact distance from the top to the path.

falling rock, and the echo sounded along the Alpine heights like the roll of far off cannon, and died away over their distant tops. One of the guides, belonging to a Scotch gentleman who had that morning joined our party, was an old traveller in the Alps, and he said that in all his wanderings he had never seen any thing equal to it. That serene peak, resting far away up in the clear, rare atmosphere—the sudden commotion, and that swift descending form of terror, are among the distinct and vivid things of memory.

As we rounded the point where this avalanche struck, we came nearly under the most awful precipice that I ever saw or dreamed of. How high that perpendicular wall of Alpine limestone may be I dare not hazard a conjecture, but it makes one hold his breath in awe and dread to look upon it. The highest church spire in America would have been a miniature toy beside it. Crawling along like mere insects past the base of this "peak of tempests," as its name signifies, we began to ascend the last slope of the grand Scheideck. When about half way up I stopped for a long time, hoping I might see another avalanche spring away from its high resting place. I was fairly out of harm's way, and hence could enjoy the bold leap of a snow precipice from the cliffs of the Wetterhorn. I was the more anxious, as avalanches are generally, to *the eye*, mere slender torrents streaming down the mountain side. The distance dwindles the roaring, thundering mass to a mere rivulet, but this was massive and awful enough for the gods themselves. But I waited in vain. The bright sun fell full on the dazzling top, but not a snow-wreath started, and I turned away disappointed towards the top of the pass.

The descent into Meyringen was charming. After having passed through the Schwartzwald (dark wild), we came upon a perfectly level, smooth and green pasturage. A gentle rivulet skirted one side of it, while at one end stood a single Swiss cottage. I left the path that went into the hills from the farther corner, and rode to the end and looked back. From my horse's feet, up to the very cliffs that frown in savage grandeur over it, went that sweet greensward; while at the left rose a glacier of the purest white that fairly dazzled the eyes as the sunbeams fell in their noontide splendour upon it. That beautiful, quiet plat

of ground—the dark fir trees environing it—the cliffs that leaned above it, and that spiritually white glacier contrasting with the bright green below, combined to form a group and a picture that seemed more like a vision than a real scene. I gazed in silent rapture upon it, drinking in the beauty and strangeness of that scene, till I longed to pitch my tent there forever. That level greensward seemed to rest like a fearless, innocent child in the rough embrace of the great forms around it. It was to me the gem of Alpine vallies.

There is no outward emblem of peace and quietness so striking as one of these green spots amid the Alps. The surface of a summer lake stirred by no breeze—the quiet night and quieter stars are not so full of repose. The *ccntrast* is not so great. Place that quiet lake amid roaring billows, and the repose it symbolised would be doubly felt. So amid the Alps. The awful scenery that folds in one of these sweet spots of greensward makes it seem doubly sweet and green. It imparts a sort of consciousness to the whole, as if there was a serene trust, a feeling of innocence in the brightly smiling meadow. It seems to *let itself be embraced* by those rude and terrific forms without the least fear, and smiles back in their stern and savage faces, as if it *knew* it could not be harmed. And the snow peaks and threatening precipices look as if proud of their innocent child, guarding it with savage tenderness. What beauty God has scattered over the earth! On the frame-work of the hills, and the valleys they enclose—on cliff and stream, sky and earth, He has drawn the lines of beauty and grandeur with a pencil that never errs. But especially amid the Alps does he seem to have wrought with sublimest skill. All over its peaks and abysses has he thrown the mantle of his Majesty; while its strong avalanches, falling all alone into solitudes where the foot of man has never trod, and the wing of the eagle never stooped, speak "eternally of Him." "The ice hills," as they leap away from their high resting place, "thunder GOD!"

X.

VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.—PASS OF BRUNIG.

As we descended into Meyringen, a Swiss peasant girl came running up to me with an Alpine rose in her hand. If it had been a spontaneous gift, I could have mused over it for an hour; but given, as it was, for money, destroyed its value, and I placed it in my pocket to preserve for an American friend, to whom I never designed to mention the circumstance under which it was obtained. I stopped a moment to look at the Seilbach (rope fall), as it hung in a long white thread from the cliff; and at the roaring torrent of the Reichenbach, and then passed into the valley, which was resting below in all the quietness of a summer scene.

One has peculiar feelings in entering an Alpine valley by one of these fearful passes. The awful cliffs that have frowned over him—the savage gorges up which his eye has strained—the torrents and avalanches and everlasting snow that have rolled, and fallen, and spread around him, have thrown his whole nature into a tumult of excitement. And this stupendous scenery has gone on changing, from grand to awful, till feelings of horror have become mingled with those of sublimity; so that when his eye first rests on one of these sweet valleys smiling in the sunlight, with flocks and herds scattered over its bosom, and peasants' cottages standing amid the smooth greensward, the transition and contrast are so great, that the quietness and repose of Eden seem suddenly opened before him. From those wild and torn mountains, that have folded in the path so threateningly, the heart emerges into one of these valleys, like the torrent along whose course he has trod in awe. The foaming cataracts and dark ravines are all

passed, and the placid stream moves, like a smile, through the quiet landscape.

But this valley, so bright the first day we entered it, became dreary enough before we left it. One of those dark, driving Alpine storms set in, and for three days we could not place foot out of doors. The chief beauty of the valley consists in the two steep parallel ranges of hills enclosing it, now and then changing into cliffs, along which white cascades hang, as if suspended there, while far distant snow peaks rise over one another in every direction. The Lake of Brienze peeps modestly into the farther end of it, enclosed by its ramparts of mountains. Taking a carriage to the head of the lake, we there hired a boat to Griesbaek falls. A man and his wife rowed us. After clambering up and down the falls, and under them, and seeing logs which one of the party threw in above, leap away from their brink, we went in to see the "Old Schoolmaster," and hear him and his children and grandchildren sing Alpine songs, while the white waterfall played a sort of bass accompaniment. The singing was very fine—the best we heard in Switzerland, and after having purchased some nick-nacks and music, and paid beforehand for a farewell on the Alp-horn, which is said to sound very finely from this position, we embarked once more upon the lake. The "Old Schoolmaster" told us it was far better to hear the Alp-horn when we had got out on the lake. Never supposing he would deceive us, we laid by on our oars for a long time, but in vain. He had fairly Jewed us.

The cliffs around this valley send down fearful torrents in the spring, one of which—the Alpbach—has once buried a large part of the village twenty feet deep with mud and stones. The church was filled eighteen feet deep, and the black line, indicating the high water mark, is still visible on the walls. The last leap of the Alpbach is right over a precipice clear into the valley. From the peculiar manner in which the sun strikes it, a triple rainbow is formed—one of them making a complete circle around your feet. To see this last, it is necessary to enter the mist, and take a beautiful drenching; but I was repaid for it, by seeing myself, *once* in my life, with a *real* halo around me, and that too around my *feet*. The beautiful ring held me in its embrace like an en-

chanted circle, until the drenching mist, having finally penetrated to my skin, broke the charm. I went shivering home, protesting against rainbows being put in such inconvenient places.

The pass of the Brunig is a mere bridle path, but it presents nothing striking to the traveller, except the charming view of the valley of Meyringen, from its summit. It is a perfect picture.

The lake of Lungern, which we passed soon after descending the Brunig, presents a most singular appearance. It has been drained twenty feet below its original level, and the steep banks that mark its former height, surround it like some old ruined wall. The Kaiserstuhl, a high ridge, was stretched across the foot of the lake, forming a natural dam, and heaping up the water twenty feet higher than the valley below. A tunnel, 1,300 feet long, was bored through this, with only a thin partition of rock left to hold back the flood. Five hundred men were employed on it, relieving each other constantly, and for several hours at a time: for the impossibility of ventilating the tunnel from above, made the air very foul and dangerous. When the work was completed, and floodgates constructed below to graduate the rush of the water, nine hundred and fifty pounds of powder were placed in the farther extremity of the tunnel. It was midwinter, and the lake frozen over, but multitudes assembled on the morning appointed for the explosion to witness the result. The surrounding hills were covered with spectators, when a cannon shot from the Kaiserstuhl, answered by another from the Laudenberg, announced that the hour had arrived. A daring Swiss entered the tunnel and fired the train. He soon reappeared in safety, while the vast multitude stood in breathless anxiety, waiting the explosion. The leaden minutes wore on, yet no one felt the shock. At length, at the end of ten minutes, just as they had concluded it was a failure, two distinct though dull reports were heard. The ice lay smooth and unbroken as ever, and there was a second disappointment, for all supposed the mine had not burst through the partition. But, at length, there was a shout from below, and a black stream of mud and water was seen to issue from the opening, showing that the work was done. This drainage was to recover a large tract of land, which was a mere swamp. The object was

secured, but the land is hardly worth the tilling. The geologist, however, will regard the portion laid bare with interest.

As we approached Lucerne, we passed the location of the famous Alpnach slide, made during the time of Bonaparte, for the purpose of bringing timber for ship-building from the mountains. It was eight miles long, and between three and four feet wide, and was made of logs fastened together, so as to form a sort of trough. This trough went across frightful gorges, and in some instances under ground. A rill of water was directed into it to lessen the friction, and prevent the logs from taking fire. A tree, a hundred feet long and four feet in diameter, would shoot this eight miles in six minutes. When one of these logs bolted from the trough, it would shoot like an arrow through the air, and if it came in contact with a tree would cut it clean in two. The whole work is now destroyed.

Coming, at length, to Lake Lucerne, we took a boat and rowers, and set off for the town that stands so beautifully at its foot. I had been for days in the heart of the Oberland, which contains the wildest scenery in the Alps. My meat had been mostly the flesh of the Chamois, while the men and the habitations I had passed seemed to belong to another world. In one instance, I had seen a man carrying boards strapped to his back, between three and four miles to his hut, on the high pasturage grounds. There was no other way of getting them there. These huts or cottages (just as one likes to call them) with their low walls and overhanging roof loaded with stones and rocks, to keep them from being blown off when the fierce Alpine storm is on his march, have an odd look; though they are sometimes very picturesque, from their position.

From such scenery and dwellings the sight of a town and houses was like a sudden waking up from some strange dream.

XI.

SUWARROW'S PASSAGE OF THE PRAGEL.

At the head of Lake Lucerne stands the little village of Fluellen. It was here that Suwarrow, after forcing the passage of St. Gothard, was finally stopped in his victorious course. The lake stretched away before him, while there was not a boat with which to transport his weary army over. There was no other course left him on his route to Zurich but to ascend the heights of the Kinzig Culm, a desperate undertaking at the best; and cross into the Muotta Thal. This wonderful retreat was made while his army, as it hung along the cliffs, was constantly engaged in resisting the attack of the enemy.

It was forty-six years ago, one night in September, that the peaceful inhabitants of the Muotta Thal were struck with wonder at the sudden appearance among them of multitudes of armed men of a strange garb and language. They had just gathered their herds and flocks to the fold, and were seeking their quiet homes that slept amid the green pasturages, when, like a mountain torrent, came pouring out from every defile and giddy pass, these strange, unintelligible beings. From the heights of the Kinzig Culm—from precipices the shepherds scarce dared to tread, they came streaming with their confused jargon around the cottages of these simple children of the Alps. It was Suwarrow, with twenty-four thousand Russians at his back, on his march from Italy to join the allied forces at Zurich. He had forced the passage of St. Gothard, and had reached thus far when he was stopped by Lake Lucerne, and was told that Korsakow and the main Russian army at Zurich had been defeated. Indignant and incredulous at the report, he would have hung the peasant who informed him, as a

spy, had not the lady-mother of St. Joseph's Nunnery interceded in his behalf. Here in this great Alpine valley the bold commander found himself completely surrounded. Molitor and his battalions looked down on him from the heights around the Muotta Thal: Mortier and Massena blocked its mouth: while Lecourbe hung on his rear. The Russian bear was denned, and compelled, for the first time in his life, to order a retreat. He wept in indignation and grief, and adopted the only alternative left him, to cross the Pragel into Glarus. Then commenced one of those desperate marches unparalleled in the history of man. The passage of the St. Bernard, by Bonaparte, was a comfortable march compared to it, and Hannibal's world-renowned exploit mere child's play, beside it. While the head of Suwarrow's column had descended the Pragel and was fighting desperately at Naefels, the rear-guard, encumbered with the wounded, was struggling in the Muotta Thal with Massena and his battalions. Then these savage solitudes shook to the thunder of cannon and roar of musketry. The startled avalanche came leaping from the heights, mingling its sullen thunder with the sound of battle. The frightened chamois paused on the high precipice to catch the strange uproar that filled the hills.—The simple-hearted peasantry saw their green pasturages covered with battling armies, and the snow-capped heights crimson with the blood of men. Whole companies fell like snow-wreaths from the rocks while the artillery ploughed through the dense mass of human flesh that darkened the gorge below. For ten successive days had these armies marched and combated, and yet here, on the eleventh, they struggled with unabated resolution. Unable to force the passage at Naefels, Suwarrow took the desperate and awful resolution of leading his weary and wounded army over the mountains into the Grisons.

Imagine, if you can, an awful solitude of mountains and precipices and glaciers piled one above another in savage grandeur. Cast your eye up one of these mountains, 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, along whose bosom, in a zigzag line, goes a narrow path winding over precipices and snow-fields till finally lost on the distant summit. Up that difficult path and into the very

heart of those fearful snow-peaks has the bold Russian resolved to lead his 24,000 men.

To increase the difficulties that beset him and render his destruction apparently inevitable, the snow fell, on the morning he set out, two feet deep, obliterating all traces of the path, and forming as it were a winding sheet for his army. In single file, and with heavy hearts, that mighty host one after another entered the snow-drifts and began the ascent. Only a few miles could be made the first day, and at night, without a cottage in sight, without even a tree to kindle for a light around their silent bivouacs, the army lay down in the snow with the Alpine crags around them for their sentinels. The next day the head of the column reached the summit of the ridge, and lo! what a scene was spread out before them. No one who has not stood on an Alpine summit can have any conception of the utter dreariness of this region. The mighty mountains, as far as the eye can reach, lean along the solemn sky, while the deep silence around is broken by the sound of no living thing. Only now and then the voice of the avalanche is heard speaking in its low thunder tone from the depth of an awful abyss, or the scream of a solitary eagle circling round some lofty crag. The bold Russian stood and gazed long and anxiously on this scene, and then turned to look on his straggling army that far as the eye could reach wound like a huge anaconda over the white surface of the snow. No column of smoke arose in this desert wild to cheer the sight, but all was silent, mournful and prophetic. The winding sheet of the army seemed unrolled before him. No path guided their footsteps, and ever and anon a bayonet and feather disappeared together as some poor soldier slipped on the edge of a precipice and fell into the abyss below. Hundreds overcome and disheartened, or exhausted with their previous wounds, laid down to die, while the cold wind, as it swept by, soon wrought a snow-shroud for their forms. The descent on the southern side was worse than the ascent. A freezing wind had hardened the snow into a crust, so that it frequently bore the soldiers. Their bayonets were thrust into it to keep them from slipping, and the weary and worn creatures were compelled to struggle every step to prevent being borne away over the precipices that almost momentarily

stopped their passage. Yet even this precaution was often vain Whole companies would begin to slide together, and despite every effort would sweep with a shriek over the edge of the precipice and disappear in the untrodden gulfs below. Men saw their comrades, by whose side they had fought in many a battle, shoot one after another, over the dizzy verge, striking with their bayonets as they went, to stay their progress. The beasts of burden slipped from above, and rolling down on the ranks below, shot away in wild confusion, men and all, into the chasms that yawned at their feet. As they advanced, the enemy appeared around on the precipices pouring a scattered yet destructive fire into the straggling multitude. Such a sight these Alpine solitudes never saw—such a march no army ever made before. In looking at this pass the traveller cannot believe an army of 24,000 men were marched over it through the fresh fallen snow two feet deep. For five days they struggled amid these gorges and over these ridges, and finally reached the Rhine at Ilanz. For months after, the vulture and the eagle hovered incessantly along the line of march, and beasts of prey were gorged with the dead bodies. Nearly 8,000 men lay scattered among the glaciers and rocks, and piled in the abysses, amid which they had struggled for eighteen days since he first poured down from the St. Gothard, and the peasants say that the bones of many an unburied soldier may still be seen bleaching in the ravines of the Jatser.

No Christian or philanthropist ever stood on a battle field without mourning over the ravages of war and asking himself when that day would come when men would beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Yet the evil is not felt in all its dreadful reality there. The movements of the armies—the tossing of plumes—the unrolling of banners—the stirring strains of martial music—the charging squadrons, and the might and magnificence of a great battle field disturb the imagination and check the flow of human sympathy.

If he wishes the feelings of horror and disgust in their full strength, let him go into the solitude and holiness of nature, and see where her pure bosom has been disfigured with the blood of her children. Let him see his fellow beings falling by thousands, not amid the uproar and excitement of battle, but under exhaus-

tion, heart-sickness, and despair. Let him behold the ranks lying down one after another under the last discouragement to die, while their comrades march mournful and silent by. There is a cold-bloodedness, a sort of savage malice about this that awakens all the detestation of the human bosom.

Yet the Russian could do no better. The scourge of nations had driven him into the strait. The crime and the judgment belong to Bonaparte, who thus directly and indirectly crowded his generation into the grave. Suwarrow's act was that of a brave and resolute man.

XII.

MACDONALD'S PASS OF THE SPLUGEN.

I was standing on a green Alpine pasturage, looking off upon the Splugen Pass which cut its way through the white snow ridge that lay against the distant horizon, when my guide interrupted my musings by pointing to an aged man sitting by his cottage door. "That man," said he, "was one of Macdonald's guides that conducted him and his army over the Splugen." He immediately became an object of great interest to me, and I went and sat down by his side, and drew from him many incidents of that perilous adventure. "It was forty-three years ago," said he, "when that awful march was made. I was then but twenty-five years of age, but I remember it as if it were but yesterday. I have made many passes in the Alps, but never one like that. That Macdonald was an awful man. He looked as if he wanted to fight the very Alps, and believed that snow-storms could be beaten like an army of men."

"I believe," I replied, "that pass was made in the winter, when even foot travellers found it difficult." "Yes; and the wind blew, and the snow drove in our faces, and the avalanches fell as if the very Alps were coming down. The snow, too, was so thick at times, that we could not see the horses or men ten rods before or behind, while the screaming, and yelling, and cursing, made it ten times worse. Why, sir, it did no good to cry *take care*, for no one *could* take care. There we were, up to our arms in snow, amid oxen, and horses, and cannon, and soldiers, and compelled to stand for hours, without getting one rod ahead. Oh, it was dreadful to see the poor soldiers. Often I would hear an avalanche coming from above, and turn to see where it fell,

when it would come thundering straight on to the army, and cut it clean in two, leaving a great gap in the lines. A few feathers tossing amid the snow, a musket or two flying over the brink, and away went men and all into the gulf below. Oh, sir, those poor soldiers looked as if they never would fight again—so downcast and frightened. It did no good to have courage there, for what could courage do against an avalanche! When God fights with man, it does no good to resist." In this manner, though not in the precise words, the old man rattled on, and it was evident I could get nothing from him except separate incidents which gave life and vividness to the whole picture. The falling of a single comrade by his side, or the struggles of a single war-horse, as he floundered in the mass of snow that hurried him irresistibly towards the gulf, made a more distinct impression on him than the general movements of the army. The deep beds of snow and the walls of ice he and the peasants were compelled to cut through, were more important to him than the order of march, or the discipline of the troops. How different is the effect produced on a powerful and a common mind by such a scene as this! One dwells on the impression made by the whole. The moral and physical grandeur surrounding it—the obstacles, and the resolution that overcome them—the savageness of nature, and the sternness that dared look it in the face; combine to make the impression he carries with him through life. The weak mind, on the other hand, never seems to reach to these generalities—never gets to the outer circle, but is occupied with details and incidents.

To understand this march of Macdonald over the Splugen, a feat greater by far than Bonaparte's famous passage of the St. Bernard, imagine an awful defile leading up to the height of *six thousand, five hundred feet* towards heaven—in summer a mere bridle path, and in winter a mass of avalanches, and you will have some conception of the awful pass through which Macdonald determined to lead fifteen thousand men. The road follows the Rhine, here a mere rivulet, which has cut its channel deep in the mountains that rise frequently to the height of three thousand feet above it. Along the precipices that overhang this turbulent torrent, the path is cut in the solid rock, now hugging the mountain wall like a mere thread, and now shooting in a single arch over

the gorge that sinks three hundred feet below. Strangely silent snow-peaks pierce the heavens in every direction, while dark precipices lean out on every side over the abyss. This mere path crosses and re-crosses again this gorge, and often so high above it, that the roar of the mad torrent below can scarcely be heard; and finally strikes off on to the bare face of the mountain and clambers up to the summit. This is the old road in summer time. Now imagine this same gorge swept by a hurricane of snow, and filled with the awful sound of the falling avalanches, blending their heavy shock with the dull roar of the giant pines, that wave along the precipices, while half way up from the bottom to the Alpine top, are hanging like an army of insects, fifteen thousand French soldiers; and you will *approach* to some knowledge of this wintry pass, and this desperate march. But if you have never been in an Alpine gorge, and stood, awe-struck, amid the mighty forms that tower away on every side around you, you can have no true conception of a scene like the one we are to describe. Rocks, going like one solid wall straight up to heaven—pinnacles shooting like church spires above the clouds—gloomy ravines where the thunder-clouds burst, and the torrent raves—still glaciers and solemn snow-fields, and leaping avalanches, combine to render an Alpine gorge one of the most terrific things in nature. Added to all this, you feel so small amid the mighty forms around you—so utterly helpless and worthless, amid these great exhibitions of God's power, that the heart is often utterly overwhelmed with the feelings that struggle in vain for utterance.

There is now a carriage road over the Splugen, cut in sixteen zigzags along the breasts of the mountain. This was not in existence when Macdonald made the pass, and there was nothing but a bridle path going through the gorge of the *Cardinel*. Over such a pass was Macdonald ordered by Napoleon to march his army in the latter part of November, just when the wintry storms are setting in with the greatest violence. Bonaparte wished Macdonald to form the left wing of his army in Italy, and had therefore ordered him to attempt the passage. Macdonald, though no braver or bolder man ever lived, felt that it was a hopeless undertaking, and immediately despatched General Dumas to represent to him the insuperable obstacles in the way. Bona-

parte heard him through his representations, and then replied, with his usual recklessness of other people's sufferings or death, "I will make no change in my dispositions. Return quickly, and tell Macdonald that an army can always pass in every season, where two men can place their feet."

Macdonald, of course, could do no otherwise than obey commands, and immediately commenced the necessary preparations for his desperate undertaking. It was the 26th of November, and the frequent storms had covered the entire Alps, pass and all, in one mass of yielding snow. His army was at the upper Rheinthal or Rhine valley, at the entrance of the dreadful defile of the Via Mala, the commencement of the Splugen pass. The cannon were taken from their carriages and placed on sleds, to which oxen were harnessed. The ammunition was divided about on the backs of mules, while every soldier had to carry, besides his usual arms, five packets of cartridges and five days' provision. The guides went in advance, and stuck down long black poles to indicate the course of the path beneath, while behind them came the workmen clearing away the snow, and behind them still the mounted dragoons, with the most powerful horses of the army, to beat down the track. On the 26th of November, the first company left Splugen, and began the ascent. The pass from Splugen to Isola is about fifteen miles in length, and the advance company had, after the most wasting toil and exhausting effort, made nearly half of it, and were approaching the hospice on the summit, when a low moaning was heard among the hills, like the voice of the sea before a storm. The guides understood too well its meaning, and gazed on each other with alarm. The ominous sound grew louder every moment, and suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept in a cloud of snow over the mountain, and howled, like an unchained demon, through the gorge below. In an instant all was confusion, and blindness, and uncertainty. The very heavens were blotted out, and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest that made the pine trees above it sway and groan, as if lifted from their rock-rooted places. But suddenly another still more alarming sound was heard—"An avalanche! an avalanche!" shrieked the guides, and the next moment an awful white form came leaping down the mountain, and striking the

column that was struggling along the path, passed straight through it into the gulf below, carrying thirty dragoons and their horses with it in its wild plunge. The black form of a steed and its rider were seen suspended for a moment in mid heavens, amid clouds of snow, and the next moment they fell among the ice and rocks below, crushed out of the very form of humanity. The head of the column reached the hospice in safety. The other part, struck dumb by this sudden apparition crossing their path in such lightning-like velocity, bearing to such an awful death their brave comrades, refused to proceed, and turned back to the village of Splugen. For three days the storm raged amid the Alps, filling the heavens with snow, and hurling avalanches into the path, till it became so filled up that the guides declared it would take fifteen days to open it again so as to make it at all passable. But fifteen days Macdonald could not spare. Independent of the urgency of his commands, there was no way to provision his army in these Alpine solitudes, and he *must* proceed. He ordered four of the strongest oxen that could be found to be led in advance by the best guides. Forty peasants followed behind, clearing away and beating down the snow, and two companies of sappers came after to give still greater consistency to the track, while on their heels marched the remnant of the company of dragoons, part of which had been borne away three days before by the avalanche. The post of danger was given them at their own request. Scarcely had they begun the dangerous enterprise, when one of the noble oxen slipped from the precipice, and with a convulsive fling of his huge frame, went bounding from point to point of the jagged rocks to the deep, dark torrent below.

It was a strange sight for a wintry day. Those three oxen, with their horns just peering above the snow, toiled slowly on, pushing their unwieldy bodies through the drifts, looking like mere specks on the breast of the mountain, while the soldiers, up to their breasts, struggled behind. Not a drum or bugle-note cheered the solitude, or awoke the echoes of those savage peaks. The foot-fall gave back no sound in the soft snow, and the words of command seemed smothered in the very atmosphere. Silently and noiselessly the mighty but disordered column toiled forward,

with naught to break the holy stillness of nature, save the fierce pantings of the horses and animals, as with reeking sides they strained up the ascent. Now and then a fearful cry startled the eagle on his high circuit, as a whole company slipped together, and with their muskets in their hands, fell into the all-devouring gorge that yawned hundreds of feet below their path. It was a wild sight, the plunge of a steed and his rider over the precipice. One noble horse slipped just as the dragoon had dismounted, and as he darted off with his empty saddle, and for a moment hung suspended in mid heaven, it is said, he uttered one of those fearful blood-freezing cries the wounded war-horse is known sometimes to give forth on the field of battle. The roar of the lion after his prey, and the midnight howl of the wolf that has missed his evening repast of blood, is a gentle sound compared to it. Once heard, it lives in the memory and brain for ever.

To understand the route of the army better, one should divide the pass into three parts. First comes the dark, deep defile, with the path cut in the side of the mountain, and crossing backwards and forwards over the gorge, on bridges of a single arch, and often two and three hundred feet high. The scenery in this gorge is horrible. It seems as if nature had broken up the mountains in some sudden and fierce convulsion, and the very aspect of everything is enough to daunt one without the aid of avalanches or hurricanes of snow. After leaving this defile, the path goes for a few miles through the valley of Schams, and then winds up the cliffs of La Raffla, covered with pine trees. It then strikes up the bare face of the mountain, going sometimes at an angle of forty-five degrees, till it reaches the summit; which, lying above the region of trees, stands naked and bald in the wintry heavens. This is the old road—the new one goes by a different route, and in summer-time can be traversed with carriages. Such was the road, filled with snow and avalanches, this army of fifteen thousand men marched over in mid winter. They went over in separate columns. The progress and success of the first we have already shown. The second and third made the attempt the second and third of December, and achieved the ascent in safety, the weather being clear and frosty. Many, however, died of cold. Their success encouraged Macdonald to march the whole

remaining army over at once, and for this purpose he placed himself at their head, and on the 5th of December commenced the ascent. But fresh snow had fallen the night before, covering up the entire path, so that the road had all to be made over again. The guides refused to go on, but Macdonald would not delay his march, and led his weary soldiers breast deep in the snow, up the bleak, cold mountain. They were *six hours* in going less than six miles. They could not make a mile an hour in their slow progress. They had not advanced far in the defile before they came upon a huge block of ice, and a newly-fallen avalanche, that entirely filled up the path. The guides halted before these obstacles and refused to go on, and the first that Macdonald knew, his army had turned to the right-about face, and were marching back down the mountain, declaring the passage to be closed.

Hastening forward, he cheered up the men, and walking himself at the head of the column with a long pole in his hand, to sound the depth of the treacherous mass he was treading upon, he revived the drooping spirits of the soldiers. "Soldiers," said he, "your destinies call you into Italy; advance and conquer—first the mountains and the snow, then the plains and the armies." Ashamed to see their leader hazarding his life at every step where they refused to go, the soldiers returned cheerfully to their toil, and cut their way through the solid hill of ice. But they had scarcely surmounted this obstacle, when the voice of the hurricane on its march was again heard, and the next moment a cloud of driving snow obliterated every thing from their view. The path was filled up, and all traces of it swept utterly away. Amid the screams of the guides, the confused commands of the officers, and the howling of the hurricane, was heard the rapid thunder-crash of avalanches as they leaped away, at the bidding of the tempest, down the precipices. Then commenced again the awful struggle of the army for life. The foe they had to contend with was an outward one, though not of flesh and blood. To sword-cut, bayonet-thrust, and the blaze of artillery, the strong Alpine storm was alike invulnerable. On the serried column and the straggling line, it thundered with the same reckless power. Over the long black line of soldiers, the snow lay like a winding-sheet, and the dirge seemed already chanted for the dead

army. No one who has not seen an Alpine storm can imagine the reckless energy with which it rages through the mountains. The light snow, borne aloft on its bosom, was whirled and scattered like an ocean of mist over all things. The drifts were piled like second mountains in every direction, and seemed to form instantaneously, as by the touch of a magician's wand. The blinding fury of the tempest baffled all efforts to pierce the mystery and darkness that enveloped the host clinging in despair to the breast of the mountain. The storm had sounded its trumpet for the charge, but no answering note of defiance replied. The heroes of so many battle fields stood in still terror before this new and mightier foe. Crowding together as if proximity added to their security, the mighty column crouched and shivered to the blast that pierced their very bones with its chilling power. But this was not all—the piercing cold, and drifting snow, and raving tempest, and concealed pit-falls, leading to untrodden abysses, were not enough to complete the scene of terror. Suddenly, from the summit of the Splugen, avalanches began to fall, whose path crossed that of the army. Scaling the breast of the mountain with a single leap, they came with a crash on the shivering column, and bore it away to the destruction that waited beneath. Still, with undaunted front and unyielding will, the bold Macdonald struggled on in front, inspiring by his example, as he never could have done by his commands, the officers and men under him. Prodigies were wrought where effort seemed useless. The first avalanche, as it smote through the column, paralyzed for a moment every heart with fear; but they soon began to be viewed like so many discharges of artillery, and the gaps they made, like the gaps a discharge of grape-shot frequently made in the lines on a field of battle. Those behind closed up the rent with unfaltering courage. Hesitation was death. The only hope was in advancing, and the long and straggling line floundered on in the snow, like a huge anaconda winding itself over the mountain. Once, as an avalanche cut through the ranks, bearing them away to the abyss, a young man was seen to wave an adieu to his young comrade left behind, as he disappeared over the crag. The surviving companion stept into the path where it had swept, and before he had crossed it, a laggard block of ice came

thundering down, and bore him away to join his comrade in the gulf where his crushed form still lay throbbing. The extreme density of the atmosphere, filled as it was with snow, gave tenfold horror to these mysterious messengers of death, as they came down the mountain declivities. A low rumbling would be heard amid the pauses of the storm, and as the next shriek of the blast swept by, a rushing, as if a counter-blast smote the ear; and before the thought had time to change, a rolling, leaping, broken mass of snow burst through the thick atmosphere, and the next moment, crushed, with the sound of thunder, far, far below, bearing along a part of the column to its deep, dark resting-place.

On the evening of the 6th December, the greater part of the army had passed the mountain, and the van had pushed even to Lake Como. From the 26th of November to the 6th of December, or nearly two weeks, had Macdonald been engaged in this perilous pass. A less energetic, indomitable man would have failed, and he himself had escaped utter destruction, almost by a miracle. As it was, he left between one and two hundred men in the abysses of the Splugen, who had slipped from the precipices or been carried away by avalanches, during the toilsome march. More than a hundred horses and mules had also been hurled into those untrodden abysses, to furnish food for the eagle, and raven, and beasts of prey.

This passage of the Splugen, by an army of fifteen thousand men, in the dead of winter, and amid hurricanes of snow and falling avalanches, stands unrivalled in the history of the world, unless the passage of the Pragel by Suwarrow be its counterpart. It is true, Bonaparte spoke disparagingly of it, because he wished his passage over the St. Bernard in summer time, to stand alone beside Hannibal's famous march over the same mountain. With all his greatness, Bonaparte had some miserably mean traits of character. He could not bear to have one of his generals perform a greater feat than himself, and so he deliberately lied about this achievement of Macdonald's. In his despatches to the French government, he made it out a small affair, while he had the impudence to declare that this "march of Macdonald produced no good effect." Now one of three things is true: Bonaparte either was ignorant of his true situation, and commanded the passage

of the Splugen to be made under a false alarm; or else it was a mere whim, in which his recklessness of the lives and comfort of his countrymen is deserving of greater condemnation than his ignorance; or else he has uttered a falsehood as gross as it is mean. The truth is, Bonaparte thought posterity could be cheated as easily as his cotemporaries. In the dazzling noon-day of his fame, he could make a flattering press say what he liked, and the world would believe it; but the tumult and false splendour of his life have passed away, and men begin to scrutinize this demi-god a little more closely; and we find that his word cannot be relied on in the least, when speaking of the character and deeds of others. He is willing to have no planet cross his orbit, and will allow no glory except as it is reflected from him. But notwithstanding his efforts to detract from the merit of this act of Macdonald, posterity will put it in its true light, and every intelligent reader of the accounts of the two passages of the St. Bernard and the Splugen, will perceive at a glance that Bonaparte's achievement is mere child's play beside that of Macdonald.

XIII.

THE RIGHI CULM.

From the top of the Righi is seen one of the most celebrated views in all Switzerland. The magnificent prospect it commands is not owing so much to its height (it being only 5700 feet above the level of the sea) as to its isolated position. It rises like a cone up from Lakes Lucerne and Zug, with a forest round its waist, and a lofty precipice for its forehead sloping away into green pasturages.

I went by way of Kussnacht, in order to visit the spot where William Tell leaped ashore from the boat that was conveying him a prisoner to that place, and sent an arrow through the heart of Gessler. By this route it takes seven hours to reach the Culm of the Righi from Lucerne. I had started with many misgivings, and with depressed feelings. The companions of my travels had had enough of mountain climbing and of Switzerland, and here resolved to start for England. It requires no common resolution to break away from all one's companions in a strange land, and turn one's footsteps alone towards the Alps. But the Righi I was determined to see, and the surpassing prospect from its summit, even though I waited a week to enjoy it.

But all this was forgotten for a while as I entered the Hohlegasse or narrow way where Tell lay concealed, waiting the tyrant's approach. I could imagine the very look of this bold free Swiss, as concealed among the trees he drew the silent arrow to its head, and sent it on its mission of death. The shout of a free people was in the twang of that bow, and the hand of Liberty herself sent the bolt home; while in that manly form that went leaping like a chamois over the hills, was the hope of Switzer-

land. From this hallowed spot I began the toilsome ascent of the Righi with no companion but my guide. It was a bright summer afternoon, and stripping off my coat and handing it with my cloak to my guide, I nerved myself for my four hours of constant climbing. When about half way up, I sat down and looked back on the scene. There was Lucerne, from which my companions were just about starting for England and for home. Away from it into the very bosom of the mountains went the sweet Lake of Lucerne. Close at my feet, apparently, nestled the little chapel of Tell, built on the spot where the patriot slew the tyrant, while far away swept the land of the Swiss. As an American, I could not view the land of Tell and Winkelried, and look down on the shores where the "oath of the Grutli" was taken, and Switzerland made her first stand for freedom, without the deepest emotion. There slept the sweet Lake of Lucerne calm and tranquil as the heavens above it. But there *was* a night when its waters were lashed into fury by an Alpine storm, and close beside those old rocks struggled a frail vessel hopelessly with the tempest. The lightning, as it rent the gloom, showed ever and anon its half-buried form amid the waves. The torn sail was shivering in the blast, while the roar of the billows on the rocks fell distinctly on the ears of the appalled listeners, as they looked to each other for help in vain. A tyrant stood trembling on its foam-covered deck, and asked if there was no help. A stern proud prisoner was brought before him, and looked calmly out upon the frightful deep. "Unbind him," said the tyrant—"he alone can save us." The chains were knocked off; and with the same calm, silent mien, he seized the helm and guided the leaping vessel safely amid the rocks. The boat is ashore, but where is the prisoner? Fled? aye, fled! but not for safety alone. The night covers him, and the tyrant has entered the narrow gorge on his way to his home. A sharp twang as of a bowstring,—a quick, hissing sound through the air, and Gessler falls back in the arms of his attendants, with an arrow in his bosom. "*Das war Tell's Schoss!*" exclaimed the tyrant and died. Then rang the battle cry of Freedom along these shores, and from her hundred mountain vallies came pouring down the hardy Swiss. With the sword of Tell to wave them on, they bravely battled

their way to freedom. Blessings on thee, bold Swiss! thy name is a watchword for freemen and ever shall be. Around it cluster the fondest memories of the patriot, and children love to speak it aloud. But ah, how degenerate has the race become! Corrupted and debased by the French, their freedom and their honesty have departed together.

I turned to ascend the mountain again. Crossing a narrow level pasturage, I was greeted with the tinkling of bells, and the clear voices of shepherd boys singing in a shrill falsetto their wild Alpine chorusses. As I drew near the top, I passed a boy leaning against a rock, and making the air ring with the tones of his Alpine horn. A few moments after a cloud of mist swept over the mountain, burying every thing in twilight gloom and chilling my blood like the sudden entrance to a damp vault. The sun, which a moment before shone over me in unclouded brightness, was snatched from my sight, and I stumbled on in a cloud to the house on the top. The wind swept by in gusts, making the mist dive and plunge and leap through the air like mad spirits. Now it would rise towards me as I looked over the precipice, like the smoke from some vast furnace, and then plunge again into the gulfs below, while the fragments writhed and twisted together as if tortured into agony by some invisible agency. I had scarcely entered the house before a cold chill seized me that seemed impossible to shake off, and which the good woman of the house had the kindness to tell me, unless I did, would end in a fever in the morning. I *should* have brought some dry clothing with me, but forgot it. Fire and water, brandy and wine, were tried in succession, but still I kept shaking. As a last resort I cleared the largest room in the house, and then wrapping my heavy cloak around me, began to leap and run and throw myself into the most difficult postures, to the no small wonderment of the quiet Swiss. But in half an hour I had the satisfaction of feeling the blood flow warmer and hotter through my veins, while the perspiration stood in drops on my forehead. I had conquered, and after resting a while, went out to the verge of the cliff which shoots its naked wall two hundred feet clear down to Lake Zug, and endeavoured to pierce the cloud that had changed day into night. I knew it was not yet sundown, and hoped I might see its last rays falling

over the magnificent panorama which I knew was spread out below me. It was all in vain: that cloud closed round the summit like a gloomy fate, and shut all out of sight. But suddenly, as I was gazing, a lake of fire, miles away, burst on the view, one half red as a flame, and the other half midnight blackness, streaked with a murky red. The next moment it shut again, and in another direction another fiery surface flashed up into the awful blackness, reminding me more than anything I ever saw, of what a distant view of perdition might be. This strange spectacle was caused by the cloud opening before me and revealing a portion of a distant lake, while the mist was still dense enough to refract the rays of the sun, giving that dark smoky red you sometimes see on the edge of a thunder-cloud, as it rolls up at sunset after a scorching day. I sat up till late at night reading Schiller's William Tell, and then retired giving directions to be waked up early in the morning to see the sun rise. I had many misgivings, I confess, about the morning, and the verse composed once by an Englishman who made the ascent, and which were the last words uttered by my companions as I bade them good bye, were constantly running in my head.

Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped
The setting sun to see:
Sullen and grim he went to bed;
Sullen and grim went we.
Nine sleepless hours of night we passed
The rising sun to see:
Sullen and grim he rose again;
Sullen and grim rose we.

I passed the hours sleepless enough, and when I rose to look out in the morning, an impenetrable mist seemed to wrap every thing. I was just crawling back to bed again when I thought I would take another look. Passing my hand over the glass, I found what I had taken for mist was simply the vapour condensed on the window. A clear blue sky was bending overhead.

In a few moments I was standing on the brow of the precipice and watching with intense interest the scene around me. On my right stood, cold and silent, white and awful, the whole range of the Bernese Alps. Close under me, hundreds of feet down, lay

the waters of the Zug, and yet so close to the mountain on which I stood, that it seemed as if I could kick a stone into it. On the left spread away the glorious Swiss land, sprinkled over with villages and lakes. Behind me was the Lucerne throwing its arms away into the heart of the mountains, while forests, rivers, towns, hills and lakes, formed together a panorama three hundred miles in circumference. While I stood gazing, awe-struck, on the silent majestic scene as it lay motionless in the gray light of morning, a golden streak spread along the East. Brighter and brighter it grew till the snow-peak nearest it caught the same fiery glow, and stood tipped with flame over the world of snow below. Suddenly another peak flashed up beside it, and then another and another, till for nearly a hundred miles, from the Sentis to the Jungfrau, the whole range of giant summits, stood a deep rose colour against a blue sky, while vast snow-fields and glaciers slept in deep shadow between. I stood bewildered and amazed, gazing on that hundred miles of rose-coloured mountains. It seemed for the time as if the Deity had thrown the robe of his glory over those gigantic forms on purpose to see how they became their gorgeous apparelling. Gradually they paled away as the blazing fiery ball rolled into view and poured a flood of light on the whole scene, waking the landscape into sudden life and beauty. It is impossible to describe such a scene. The whole range of the Bernese Alps before you, with its peaks, and glaciers, and precipices, and snow-fields, and gorges, is a scene in itself which has no parallel in the world, while the sudden change from ghostly white to a transparent red, fading gradually away into a delicate rose-colour, renders the spectator unable to seize any one thing which would give speciality to the whole. I have never felt the utter powerlessness of words and feebleness of all comparisons as in attempting to describe such a scene as spreads away on the vision from Mount Righi at sunrise.

But cast your eye round the horizon now the full light of day is on it. To the west the country opens like a map, with the whole canton of Lucerne in view, while far away, a mere pool, glitters the Lake of Sempach, whose shores are one of Switzerland's glorious battle fields. The eye passes on over Lucerne

and the gloomy Pilatus, and finally leaves the western horizon on the Jura mountains. On the south spring up into heaven that whole glorious chain of the high Alps of Berne, Unterwalden and Uri in one unbroken ridge of peaks and glaciers. On the east still stretches away the Alpine chain, folding in the cantons of Glarus and Appenzel, and the Muotta Thal, that wild valley where Suwarrow and Massena fought their bloody battles on ground that even the chamois hunter scarce dared to tread. Nearer by rises the mass of the Rossberg, with the whole chasm made by its terrible avalanche of earth, as it rolled down on Goldau, plainly in view. To the north peeps out Lake Zurich, with here and there a white roof of the town; and the spire of the chapel where Zwingli fell in battle. The towns of Arth and Zug are also visible, and a bare hand's breadth of Lake Egeri, on whose shores the Swiss fought and gained the battle of Mortgarten. The Black Forest hills shut in the view. It is a glorious panorama, changing from grand to beautiful and back again, till the heart staggers under the emotions that crowd it, asking in vain for utterance. But the eye will turn again and again to that wondrous chain of white peaks, resting so clear and pure and cold against the morning sky, and the lips will murmur—

"The hills, the everlasting hills,
How peerlessly they rise,
Like earth's gigantic sentinels
Discoursing in the skies."

XIV.

GOLDAU—FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.

As I descended the Righi towards Goldau I had a clear and distinct view of the whole side of the Rossberg. This mountain, so renowned in history, is about 5,000 feet high, with an unbroken slope reaching down to Goldau. The top of the mountain is composed of pudding stone, called by the Germans Nagelflue, or nail head, from the knobs on the surface. The whole strata of this mountain are tilted from Lake Zug towards Goldau, and slope, like the roof of a house, down to the village. The frightful land slide, which buried the village and inhabitants of Goldau, was about three miles long, a thousand feet broad, and a hundred feet thick. The fissure runs up and down the mountain, and the mass slid away from its bed, till acquiring momentum and velocity, it broke into fragments, and rolled and thundered down the mountain, burying the village a hundred feet deep. The afternoon of the catastrophe, the Rossberg gave ominous signs of some approaching convulsion. Rocks started spontaneously from its bosom, and thundered down its sides; the springs of water suddenly ceased to flow; birds flew screaming through the air; the pine trees of the forest rocked and swayed without any blast, and the whole surface of the mountain seemed gradually sliding towards the plain. A party of eleven travellers from Berne was on its way to the Righi at the time. Seven of them happened to be ahead, and the other four saw them enter the village of Goldau just as they observed a strange commotion on the summit of the Rossberg. As they raised their glass to notice this more definitely, a shower of stones shot off from the top and whirled like cannon balls through the air above their heads. The next moment a

cloud of dust filled the valley, while from its bosom came a wild uproar, as if nature was breaking up from her deep foundations. The Rossberg was on the march for Goldau with the strength and terror of an earthquake. The cloud cleared away and nothing but a wild waste of rocks and earth was above where the smiling villages of Goldau, Bussingen and Rothen stood before. One hundred and eleven houses, and more than two hundred stables and chalets had disappeared; carrying down with them in their dark burial nearly five hundred human beings. The Lake of Lowertz was half filled with mud, while the immense rocks traversed the valley its entire width, and were hurled far up the Righi, mowing down the trees like cannon shot. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages heard the grinding crushing sound, as of mountains falling together, and beheld the cloud of dust that darkened the air. Five minutes after and all was hushed, and the quiet rain came down as before, and as it had done during the day, but no longer on human dwellings. It fell on the grave of nearly 500 men, women and children, crushed and mangled, and pressed uncoffined into their mother earth. Nothing was left of the villages and pasturages that stood in the valley but the bell of the church of Goldau, which was carried a mile and a half from the steeple in which it hung. When the Lake of Lowertz, five miles off, received the torrent of earth into its bosom, it threw a wave seventy feet high clear over the island of Schwanau, and rolled up on to the opposite shore, bringing back, in its reflux, houses with their inhabitants. The friends whom their fellow travellers had seen enter the village of Goldau just as the mountain started on its march, were never seen more.

It was a beautiful day, as I sat and looked over this chaos of rocks and earth. The Lake of Lowertz slept quietly under the summer sun, and the bell of Goldau was ringing out its merry peal in the very face of the Rossberg, that seemed to look down with a stern and savage aspect on the ruin at his feet. The deep gash in his forehead and his riven side still remain as fresh as if made but yesterday. I wandered over the ground all ridged and broken, just as it was at the close of that terrible day, with feelings of the profoundest melancholy. A few scattered houses had been built on the debris of rocks and stone, and here and there

was a mockery of a garden, which the unconscious husbandman was endeavouring to till above the bones of his father. A gloom rests on all the valley, and Rossberg seems sole monarch here.

——"Mountains have fallen
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren, filling up
The ripe green vallies with destruction's splinters,
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crushed the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel: thus—
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rossberg."

On the island of Schwanau, in Lake Lowertz, is the ruin of a castle destroyed by the Swiss to revenge the violence done by its owner to a young woman. There is a tradition attached to it wild enough to form the ground-work of half a dozen novels. It is said that once a year shrieks are heard to ring from it, and immediately after, the ghost of the old villain shoots by, pressed hard after by the spirit of the pale, wronged girl, bearing a torch in her hand, and screaming terrifically on his flying traces. For a while he escapes his frail pursuer, but at length she forces him into the lake, where he sinks with hideous groans. A wild chaos of tones and fearful yells rings up from the shore as the waves close over him, and the scene is ended. The good people need not be so anxious to insure the doom of the old wretch. The spirit of that pale girl is avenged without all this trouble, and the waves that close over him are more terrible than the waters of Lowertz.

I walked from Goldau to Arth all alone, and amused myself with watching the groups of peasantry that constantly passed me with curious looks. It was some fête day, and they were all clad in their holiday dresses, and went smiling on, as cheerful as the bright day about them. They would accost me in the most pleasant manner, and I was constantly greeted with "guten morgen" or "gut Tag," that made me feel as if I were among friends. As I entered the hotel at Arth, the first thing that met my eye was my trunk. Its familiar look was as welcome as the face of a friend, and, childish as it may seem, I felt less solitary than when last and alone I entered the quiet inn.

There is an excellent arrangement in Switzerland, by which one can mail his baggage as he can a letter, to any town on the mail route in the whole country. The traveller enters his different articles, takes his ticket, and then can go off into the Alps, and be gone for two months without the least concern. My cork sole boots, with which I had climbed every pass, gave out at Goldau, but by dint of strings, etc., I made them do till I reached Arth, where I was compelled to abandon the trustiest companions of all my travels; and left them standing in the inn, with their tops leaning over one side, in the most dolorous, reproachful manner imaginable. It is curious how one becomes attached to every thing he carries about him in the Alps. I have known the most unsentimental men carry their Alpine stock across the Atlantic with them.

The ride through the canton of Zug to Zurich was one of the pleasantest I took in Switzerland, and I verily believe this is one of the most beautiful cantons in it. There was a neatness in the dwellings and costumes of the inhabitants I had not noticed before. I passed by the spot where Zwingli the Reformer fell, in the midst of his flock, transfixed by a sword; and by the monument erected to commemorate the place where Henry Von Hunenberg shot an arrow from the Austrian lines into the Swiss camp bearing the sentence "Beware of Mortgarten." The Swiss took the advice, and won the battle, and their descendants have reared this memento of the bold young patriot. Before entering Zurich, as we came in sight of the lake almost its entire length, I had one of the finest lake views I ever beheld. The beautiful shores sprinkled with white dwellings; the town itself, and its gardens, and the distant mountains, combined to render it a perfect picture. Zurich is a pleasant town, and reminded me more of home than any place on the continent. Its white dwellings surrounded with gardens and grounds, carried me back in a moment to New England. I spent the Sabbath here, and was surprised to find in this home of Zwingli—this Protestant canton—so little respect paid to its sanctity. Towards evening the military were reviewed on the public square, while on one side was a public exhibition of rope-dancers and tumblers, and among the tumblers two rosy-cheeked peasant girls. This is a Protestant canton indeed.

Protestant it may be, but this was no Protestant Sabbath. Yet, externally, Zurich is one of the pleasantest towns in Switzerland. The views around it are beautiful, while the rural aspect of the whole gives it a charm few Swiss villages possess. I love the land of the bold Swiss; I love its lakes and snow-peaks and smiling vallies; but alas for its inhabitants. Their glory is in the past, and their stern integrity too. It seems impossible that any people should long retain simplicity and purity of character in the heart of Europe. The influence of the corrupt nations is too great, especially when the contact is so frequent as now.

XV.

AVALANCHES AND GLACIERS, THEIR FORMATION AND MOVEMENT.

Before taking leave of Switzerland, it may be interesting to give some statistics of the Alps, though they are always afterthoughts with the traveller. I have hitherto endeavoured to give the *effect* of the scenery one meets in the Alps rather than detailed descriptions of it.

Avalanches are regarded by many as immense masses of snow of a somewhat globular form, which gather as they roll till they acquire the size of a miniature mountain, and are more terrible to see even, than to hear. This is true of many of those which fall in winter, but not of those which descend in spring and early summer. The Swiss have different names for different kinds of avalanches. There is the *Staublawinen*, or dust avalanche, and Grundlawinen, or ground avalanche. The former is the falling of loose fresh-fallen snow. Gathering into huge drifts upon some peak till it is detached by its own weight; it slides away until it reaches a precipice, when it commences rolling and thundering down the mountain. Increasing in bulk with every bound, and extending farther and wider, it acquires at length an impetus and strength that sweep down whole forests, in its passage, as if the trees were slender reeds; and moves across the entire valley, into which it lands. This, however, is not the most dangerous kind of avalanche, as it only *buries* people and cattle, and does not *crush* them; so that they can frequently be dug out again without serious injury. The Grundlawinen, on the other hand, is a more serious matter. It falls in the springtime, and is dislodged by the action of sun, south winds, and rain. These thawing the upper surface,

the water trickles down through the crevices, increasing their width and depth till huge blocks, indeed immense precipices, are sawn loose by this slow process; and tipping over or sliding away, come with the might of fate itself down the precipitous sides of the mountain. A village disappears in its path in a breath—trees three feet in diameter are snapped off like pipe stems, and nothing but a wild ruinous waste is left where it sweeps in its wrath. As I mentioned before, these avalanches have paths they travel regularly as deer. This is indicated by the shape of the mountains, and if the path comes straight on the site of a village, the inhabitants build strong parapets of mason work, against which the avalanches may thunder and accumulate. These prove sometimes, however, too weak for the falling mass, and are borne away in its headlong sweep, adding still greater ruin and terror to its march. The village I saw crushed in the pass of the Tête Noire had such a wall built behind its church to protect it. For a long time it withstood the shock of the avalanches that fell against it, but one night there came one too strong to be resisted, and bore away parapet, church, hamlet and all. The wind caused by an avalanche in its passage is sometimes terrific. A blast is generated by the rapid motion of the headlong mass, like that created by a cannon ball in its descent, which extends to some distance both sides of it, and bears down trees and whirls them like feathers through the atmosphere. A church spire was once blown down by one that fell a quarter of a mile off. These masses of ice and snow sometimes fill up immense gorges, and are bored through by the torrent, forming a natural bridge, over which the peasants drive their cattle the entire summer. The Swiss have their "sacred groves," which are the forests that are left standing on a mountain side above a hamlet to protect it from avalanches.

Those which fall in early summer are attended with very little danger, as they usually descend in abysses where no traveller ever goes. They are seen at a distance, and hence have none of the appearance commonly supposed to belong to an avalanche. You hear first a rumbling sound, which soon swells to a full, though distant thunder; tone and in turning your eye towards the spot whence the sound proceeds, you see something which appears like a small white rivulet pouring down the mountain side, now

disappearing in some ravine, and now reappearing on the edge of some cliff, over which it runs, and falls with headlong speed and increased roar, till it finally lands in some deep abyss. You wonder at first how so small a movement can create so deep and startling a sound, but in that apparently small rivulet are rolling whole precipices of ice, with a rapidity and power that nothing could resist. Yet these terrible visitants become as familiar to the Swiss as our own rain-storms to us. The peasantry wait their regular descent in the spring as indications that winter is over. Those which are loosened by the human voice or the jingling of bells are so nicely balanced at the time, that it requires but the slightest change or shock in the atmosphere to destroy their equilibrium.

Glaciers are the everlasting drapery of the Alps, clothing them in summer and winter with their robes of ice. They are formed by the successive thawing and freezing of the loose snow in spring and summer. Melting in the daytime and freezing at night, the whole mass at length becomes crystalized;—and as the lower extremities melt in summer, they gradually move down the mountain, carrying with them debris of rocks and stone, making a perfect geological cabinet of the hill it throws up.

Glaciers begin at an elevation of about 8000 feet or a little less—above this are eternal snow fields. These gletschers or glaciers constitute one of the most striking features of Alpine scenery. Whether looked upon with the eye of a geologist, and the slow and mighty process of renovation and destruction, contemplated, working on from the birth to the death of Time; or whether regarded with the eye of a landscape painter, as they now clasp the breast of a bold peak in their shining embrace, and now stretch their icy arms far away into the mountains, and now plunge their glittering foreheads into the green valley—they are the same objects of intense interest, and ever fresh wonder.

As they push down the declivities, the obstructions they meet with, and the broken surface over which they pass, throw them into every variety of shape. Towers are suddenly squeezed up forty or fifty feet high, and precipices thrown out which topple over with the roar of thunder. Rocks or boulders that have been car-

ried away from their resting-places on the bosom of a glacier protect the ice under them by their shadow, while the surrounding mass gradually melts away, leaving them standing on stately pedestals, huge block obelisks slowly travelling towards the valley. Whenever these descending masses enter a gorge up in the mountains, they spread out into it, partially filling it up, and are called ice seas. The Mer de Glace of Chamouny is one of these. These large collections of ice are traversed by immense crevices, reaching hundreds of feet down, and revealing that beautiful ultra-marine colour which the Rhone has as it leaves Lake Geneva. Through these fissures, streams flow in every direction, and collecting at the lower extremity of the glacier, under the roof of a huge cavern of their own making, flow off, a turbid torrent, into the valley. Into these crevices the snow frequently drifts, choking up the portion near the surface, thus making concealed pitfalls for the traveller, and sometimes even for the wary, bold chamois hunter. Above the glaciers, near the summit, one frequently meets with *red snow*. I have seen it myself, and noticed it when I was not looking for it. The colour is said to be produced by a species of fungus called "Palmella Nivalis or Protococus," which makes the snow itself its soil, and germinates and grows in imperceptible branches over the surface. The invisible threads reaching out in every direction give to the snow a deep crimson blush, which, as the plant dies, changes into a dirty black. The number of glaciers in the Alps has been put by Ebel at four hundred, covering a surface of about three hundred and fifty square miles. But he might as well attempt to estimate the number and weight of all the avalanches that fall, for these glaciers are of all sizes, from a few rods to miles, and in every variety of shape and position. The one around the Finster-Aar-horn contains a hundred and twenty square miles. The traveller sees, as at Grindelwald and Chamouni, only the branches, the mere arms of these mighty forms. Scientific men differ very much as to the relative thickness of glaciers, though they average probably not more than seventy or eighty feet. The Mer de Glace, where it pitches into the vale of Chamouni, is a hundred and eighty feet thick. Some of these glaciers are of a pure white, and shine in the noonday sun with dazzling splendour,

but the greater part of them are covered with the debris of the mountains, giving them a dirty hue, wholly unlike the appearance one imagines they present, who has never seen them. The impression they make on the mind of the beholder, however, can never be effaced. The marks of power, of terrific struggles they carry about them, fill the mind with emotions of grandeur almost equal to the solitary avalanche and its lonely voice of thunder. They have a voice of their own, too, called by the mountaineers *brullen* (growlings), caused by the rending of the solid mass when the south-east wind breathes upon it. The lower portion of the Alps is full of sound and motion: even after you leave the tinkling of bells, the music of the horn and the bleating of goats, there is the roar of the torrent, the shock of the avalanche, and the grinding, crushing sound of the mighty glacier. But when you ascend above these, all is still and silent as the sepulchre. Eternal sabbath reigns around the peaks, and solitude deeper than the heart of the forest, embraces the subdued and humbled adventurer, while the sudden flight of a pheasant from amid the snow, or the slow and lordly sweep of the Lamergeyer, in his circles upward, startle the feelings into greater intensity.

XVI.

PASTURAGES, CHALETS, AND ALPINE PASSES.

In passing through the higher Alps nothing has afforded me more pleasure than the green pasturages which, here and there, dot the savage landscape. Sometimes they have burst unexpectedly on me, as the fierce Alpine storm-cloud rent above them, revealing for a moment a face of gentleness and beauty, and then veiling it again in impenetrable gloom; and now greeting me from the precipitous side of some difficult pass; yet always awakening the same emotions. The bold features of Alpine scenery and the strong contrasts presented by the quiet meadow spot and the cold white glaciers that lay their icy hands on its green bosom—the secure little hamlet, surrounded by the most savage and awful forms of nature—must make an ineffaceable impression on the heart of a Swiss mountaineer, and prevent, I should think, his ever being an emigrant. I am inclined to believe very few in proportion to the whole population ever do leave the region of the Alps. I remember finding a returned emigrant on the summit of the Righi. He had trinkets of various kinds to sell, made of wood and chamois horn, &c. I do not know how it happened, but I accidentally learned that he had once been to America, and was curious to learn what had brought him back. He liked the new country, he said, very well, but he liked the Alps better. "Oh," said he, "you have no Alps in America!" He could not forget the mountains and glaciers and pasturage of his native land, and I could not blame him. And yet the poetry of a Swiss mountaineer's life is all in appearance and none in reality. So with the chalets and pasturages;—they are picturesque things in the land-

scape, and there their beauty ends. The life of a Swiss herdsman is any thing but one of sentiment. The sound of his horn at sunrise, ringing through the sweet valley as he drives his flocks to pasture; and the song of the "*Ranz des vaches*" as the herds slowly wind along the mountain paths, are delightful to the ear. So is the tinkling of countless bells at evening, one of the pleasantest sounds that was wont to greet me in my wanderings in the Alps. But the herdsman thinks of none of these things. To gather together nearly a hundred cows twice a day, and milk them, and make the butter and cheese, and do all the outdoor work belonging to such a dairy, make his life one of constant toil. The chalet too, which is simply a Western log hut, built in exactly the same style, and loaded down with stone on the roof to keep it from being blown away by the Alpine blast,—though adding much to the scenery, is any thing but a comfortable home. A table and bench constitute the furniture—some loose straw above, the bed, while through the crevices on every side the wind and rain enter at their leisure. To complete the discomfort, the cattle are allowed to tread the ground around it into a barnyard. There are exceptions to this rule, but this is the common chalet which meets one at every turn on a Swiss pasturage. They are built with no reference to each other, but are scattered around on the slopes as if sieved down from above, and alighted where they did by the merest chance. The number that will be scattered around in a single valley is almost incredible. As I descended into Grindelwald the thick sprinkling of these little low dark-looking chalets over the distant slopes produced a most singular effect. Their number seemed literally legion. There are *ten thousand* in the Simmenthal alone.

In Switzerland Alps signifies mountain pasturage, and is used in that sense. These Alps, or mountain pasturages, are sometimes private property, and sometimes the property of the village or commune. When owned by the latter, every inhabitant is allowed to pasture a certain number of cattle for so many days upon it. I saw, near Grindelwald, one of these *government* pasturages, and it was literally covered with cows. The valley furnishes the first pasture in the spring, and as the summer advances, and the higher pasturages become free of snow, the herds are driven up to

them. Owners of a large number of cattle will have a chalet on every pasturage for their cowherd.

In speaking of the customs of the Swiss in this respect, Latrobe says: "They stay on the first pasturages till about the 10th or 12th of June, when the cattle are driven to the middle range of pasturages. That portion of the herd intended for a summer campaign on the highest Alps remain here till the beginning of July, and, on the fourth of that month, generally ascend to them; return to the middle range of pastures about seven or eight weeks afterwards, spend there about fourteen days, or three weeks, to eat the after grass; and finally return into the valleys about the 10th or 11th of October, where they remain, in the vicinity of the villages, till driven by the snow and tempests of winter into the stables.

"That portion of the cattle, on the other hand, which is not destined to pass the summer on the higher Alps, and are necessary for the supply of the village with milk and butter, descend from the middle pastures, on the fourth of July, into the valley, and consume the grass upon the pasturage belonging to the commune, till the winter drives them under shelter. The very highest Alpine pasturages are never occupied more than three or four weeks."

I have already, in another place, spoken of the custom of driving herds to the most inaccessible pasturages in midsummer. Herds are thus driven across the Mer de Glace, in July, to the pasturages beyond, though more or less cattle are lost in the crevices of the glaciers at every passage.

Murray says that the best cheese is made "upon pastures 3000 feet above the level of the sea, in the vales of Simmen, and Saanen, and Emmenthal. The best cows there yield, in summer, between twenty and forty pounds of milk daily, and each cow produces, by the end of the season of four months, on an average, two hundred weight of cheese." I have seen herds feeding six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

I ought to add, perhaps, in justice to the Swiss, that some of the chalets I spoke of as exceptions to those I described as being both uncomfortable and dirty, are as neat and tidy as a New England farm-house. The white table-cloth and clean though

rude furniture, and fresh butter and milk, and pleasant face of the hospitable mistress, make the traveller's heart leap within him, as, weary and cold, he crosses the threshold.

I have spoken of several of the Alpine passes in detail, and refer to them now merely to state that there are fifty in Switzerland alone. Those roads constructed for carriages are not allowed to rise more than a certain number of feet to a mile. *Distance* seems not to have entered into the calculations of the engineers who built those monuments of human skill—carriage roads over the Alps. They were after a certain grade, and they obtained it, though by contortions and serpentine windings that seem almost endless. Thus the Simplon averages nowhere more than one inch elevation to a foot, and, indeed, not quite that. Thirty thousand men were employed on this road six years. There are 611 bridges in less than forty miles, ten galleries, and twenty houses of refuge, while the average width of the road is over twenty-five feet. The cost of the whole was about $1,200,000. The Splugen presents almost as striking features as the Simplon. From these facts some idea may be gathered of the stupendous work it must be to carry a carriage road over the Alps.

In the winter they are all blocked up, and none but the bold foot traveller ventures on their track. The driving snow-storms and falling avalanches render them impassable to carriages, and perilous even to the accustomed mountaineer. I believe that the mail is carried over the Simplon, during the winter, by a man either on foot or with a mule. I think I have been told that he makes the passage twice a week, bringing to the hospice on the top the only news that reach it of the world below. For eight months in the year the inhabitants of the higher Alps might as well be out of the world, for all knowledge they have of its doings and ways.

XVII.

A FAREWELL TO SWITZERLAND—BASLE.

The first view one gets of the Rhine in leaving Switzerland from the east is on his way from Zurich to Basle. Here, also, he takes his farewell look of the Alps. From the top of the Botzberg the whole range of the Bernese Alps rises on the view. Amid the scenes in which he has moved since he left their presence, the traveller almost forgot their existence, and as they here rise again on his vision, they bring back a world of associations on his heart. There they stand leaning against the distant sky, like the forms of friends he has left forever. Such were my feelings as I sat down by the road-side, under as bright a sky as ever bent over the vineyards of Italy, and looked off upon those bold peaks which had become to me objects of affection. A few days only had elasped since I was amid their terror and their beauty. I had seen the moonbeams glancing on their glaciers at midnight, and heard the music of their torrents lifting up their voices from the awful abysses. I had seen the avalanche bound from their precipices, and rush, smoking and thundering, into the gulfs below —and been wrapt in their storms and clouds. I had toiled and struggled through their snow drifts and stood enraptured on their green pasturages, while the music of bells, the bleating of flocks, and the clear tones of the Alp-horn made it seem like a dream-land to me. A mere dwarf in comparison, I had moved and mused amid those terrific forms. Now mellowed and subdued by distance, the vast, white, irregular mass, lay like a monster dreaming in the blue mist. Clouds resting below the summit slept here and there along the range, and all was silent and beautiful. I love nature always, but especially in these her grander and no-

bler aspects. The Alps had lain along the horizon of my imagination from childhood up. The desire of years had at length been fulfilled, and I had wandered amid the avalanches and glaciers and snow-fields and cottages of the Oberland, and now I was taking my last look. It was with feelings of profound melancholy I turned away from St. Peters and the Duomo of Milan, feeling I should see their magnificent proportions no more. But it was with still sadder feelings I gazed my farewell on the glorious Alps.

On this route, within half a mile of Brugg, is a lunatic asylum, once the Abbey of Koenigsfelden, (King's field,) which the guide book informs you was founded in 1310, by Empress Elizabeth, and Agnes, Queen of Hungary, on the spot where the Emperor Albert, the husband of the former and father of the latter, was assassinated. Leaving his suite on the opposite bank, he had crossed the river Reuss at this point, with only the four conspirators accompanying him. The principal one, John of Swabia, was the nephew of Albert, and was incited to this deed from being kept out of his paternal inheritance by his uncle. He struck first, and sent his lance through the Emperor's throat. Bolm then pierced him through and through with his sword, while Walter von Eschenbach cleaved his skull in twain with a felling stroke. Wart, the fourth conspirator, took no part in the murder, and yet, by a singular providence, was the only one that was ever caught and executed for the deed. The others escaped, although the King's attendants were in sight. Indeed the latter was so alarmed they took to flight, leaving their master to die alone, sustained and cheered only by a poor peasant girl, who held the royal dying head upon her bosom.

"Alone she sate: from hill and wood low sunk the mournful sun;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood; treason its worst had done.
With her long hair she vainly pressed the wounds to staunch their tide:
Unknown, on that meek humble breast imperial Albert died."

On the friends and families of these murderers the children of Albert wreaked a most bloody vengeance. The remotest relative was hunted down and slain, and every friend offered up as a victim to revenge, till one thousand is supposed to have fallen. Queen

Agnes was accustomed to witness the executions, and seemed actuated by the spirit of a fiend while the horrid butchery was going on. On one occasion she saw sixty-three, one after another slain, and in the midst of the bloody spectacle exclaimed, "*Now I bathe in May-dew.*" This convent of Koenigsfelden was endowed with the confiscated property of these murdered men, and here she ended her days. But her religious seclusion, prayers and almsgiving were powerless to wipe the blood from her conscience. The ghosts of her murdered and innocent victims rose up before her guilty spirit, and frightened peace from her bosom. Revenge had been gratified, but she forgot that after it has been glutted with victims, it always turns round and gnaws at the heart which gave it birth. When she came to die, and the vision of that terrible and just tribunal that awaited her passed before her trembling spirit, she sent for a priest to give her absolution. "Woman," he replied, "God is not to be served with bloody hands, nor by the slaughter of innocent persons, nor by convents built with the plunder of widows and orphans,—but by mercy and forgiveness of injuries." Switzerland is full of these wild tales. They meet you at every turn; and you often start to be told you are standing on the grave of a murderer.

Basle is the last town in Switzerland standing on the Rhine at the head of navigation. It contains a little over 21,000 inhabitants, and is well worth a longer stay than the thousands of travellers who yearly pass through it ever give it. It was once one of the strictest of the Swiss cities in its sumptuary laws. Every person on the Sabbath, who went to church, was compelled to dress in black; no carriage could enter the town after ten at night, and the luxury of a footman was forbidden. A set of officers called Unzichterherrn decided the number of dishes and the wines to be used at a dinner party, and also the cut and quality of all the clothes worn. Until fifty years ago, the time-pieces of this town were an hour in advance of all others in Europe. Tradition states that this curious custom had its origin in the deliverance of the place once from a band of conspirators by the town clock striking one instead of twelve. But the Swiss have a tradition to establish every custom. There is a curious head attached to the clock tower standing on the bridge which connects the

two towns. The movement of the pendulum causes a long tongue to protrude, and the eyes to roll about—"making faces," it is said, "at Little Basle on the opposite side of the river."

Since the Reformation Basle has been the principal seat of Methodism in Switzerland. Formerly the citizens exhibited their piety in odd mottoes and doggrels placed over their doors in the public streets. These, of course, no longer remain, and the people are any thing but religious. Two of these strange mottoes we give from the guide book as a specimen of the pious Methodists of that time:

"Auf Gott ich meine Hoffnung bau
Und wohne in der *Alten Sau.*"
In God my hope of grace I big,
And dwell within the Ancient Pig.

"Wacht auf ihr Menschen und that Buss
Ich heiss zum goldenen Rinderfuss."
Wake and repent your sins with grief,
I'm called the golden Shin of Beef.

This was a queer mode of publishing to the traveller one's religious opinions, but it shows to what ridiculous extremes fanaticism will carry a man. To the credit of the place I will say, however, that even now a carriage arriving at the gates of the town during church time on the Sabbath is compelled to wait there till service is over.

Here one begins to think of the Rhine, "the glorious Rhine." It goes rushing and foaming through Basle as if in haste to reach the vine-clad shores of Germany. The traveller, as he sees its waters darting onward, imbibes a portion of their anxiety, and is in haste to be borne along on their bosom to the shore below, so rich in associations and so marked in the history of man.

XVIII.

STRASBOURG—THE RHINE—FRANKFORT.

One is constantly shown choice relics in passing through Switzerland, as well as in passing over Italy. Some, doubtless, are genuine, but *which* are so is the trouble. Thus, at Lucerne, in the public archives, I was shown the very sword William Tell was accustomed to swing before him in battle, and the very cross-bow from which he hurled the bolt into the tyrant's bosom. Both, however, are apocryphal. I forgot to mention, by the way, that these old Swiss cross-bows are not our Indian bows, but what school-boys call *cross-guns*. The bow, frequently made of steel, is fastened to a stock, and the arrow is launched along a groove. The bows of many of these are so stiff that it was with difficulty I could make them spring at all with my utmost strength. I might as well have pulled on a bar of iron. The stiffest of them even the strong-limbed mountaineer could not span with his unaided strength, and was compelled to have cog wheels and a small crank attached to the stock, by winding which he was enabled to spring the bow. He thus accumulated tremendous force on the arrow, and when it was dismissed it went with the speed and power of a bullet. At Basle there is a large collection of relics, made by a private gentleman, who has sunk his fortune in it. Among other things are Bonaparte's robe worked by Josephine, in which he was crowned at Milan, and a neat rose-wood dressing case of the Empress, containing fifty secret drawers.

But not to stop here, we will away down the Rhine. The river is here shallow and bad to navigate, and so I took the railroad to Strasbourg, the lofty spire of whose cathedral rises to

view long before the traveller reaches the town. This cathedral or minster is one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe, and has the loftiest spire in the world, it being *four hundred and seventy-four* feet above the pavement. It is formed of stone and yet open like frost-work, and looks from below like a delicate cast iron frame. Yet there it stands and has stood, with the wind whistling through its open-work for centuries. Begun about the time of the Crusades by Erwin of Steinbach, it was continued by his son, and afterwards by his daughter, and after that by others, and was finally finished 424 years after its foundation. I am not going to describe it; but just stand outside, by the west end, and cast your eye over the noble face it presents. Over the solid part of the wall is thrown a graceful net-work of arcades and pillars, formed of stone, yet so delicately cut that it seems a casting fastened on the surface. In the centre is a magnificent circular window, like a huge eye, only it is *fifty* feet across, while the body of the building itself towers away 230 feet above you, or nearly as high as Trinity church, steeple and all, will be when finished. And over all is this beautiful netting of stone. When Trinity church is completed, clap another just like it, spire and all, on the top of *its* spire, and you have some conception of the manner the Strasbourg Minster lifts its head into the heavens. Among other things in the interior is the famous clock which, till lately, has for a long time remained silent, because no mechanist could be found of sufficient skill to arrange its elaborate interior. It is about the size of a large organ, and tells not only the time of the day, but the changes of the seasons—exhibits the different phases of the moon—the complicated movements of the planets, bringing about in their appointed time the eclipses of the sun and moon, besides playing several tunes and performing various marches by way of pastime. It is a time-keeper, astronomer, almanac, mathematician, and musician at the same time. Every hour a procession appears on its face marching round to the sound of music, with some striking figure in the foreground. We waited to notice one performance, and the chief personage that came out to do us honour was old Father Time, with his scythe over his shoulder, and his head bowed down in grief, looking as if he were striking his last hour. Here lies Oberlin, and about a mile and

a half distant, at Waldbach, is his house and library, standing just as he left them.

Here for the first time I noticed the storks sitting quietly on their nests on the tops of the lofty chimnies, or stepping with their long legs and outstretched necks around on their perilous promenade. There is one street in this town called Brand Strasse (Fire Street), from the fact that in 1348 a huge bonfire was made where it runs, to burn the Hebrews, and 2,000 were consumed, for having, as it was declared, poisoned the wells and fountains of the town. Ah! almost all Europe has been one wide Brand Strasse to this unfortunate people.

Strasbourg is the great market for *pates de foies gras*, made, as it is known, of the livers of geese. These poor creatures are shut up in coops so narrow they cannot turn round in them, and then stuffed twice a day with Indian corn, to enlarge their livers, which have been known to swell till they reached the enormous weight of two pounds and a half. Garlick steeped in water is given them to increase their appetites. This invention is worthy of the French nation, where cooks are great as nobles.

From this place to Mayence, down the Rhine, there is nothing of interest except the old city of Worms, immortal for the part it played in the Reformation. It is now half desolate, but I looked upon it with the profoundest emotions. Luther rose before me with that determined brow and strange, awful eye of his, before which the boldest glance went down. I seemed to behold him as he approached the thronged city. Every step tells on the fate of a world, and on the single will of that single man rests the whole Reformation. But he is firm as truth itself, and in the regular beatings of that mighty heart, and the unfaltering step of that fearless form, the nations read their destiny. The Rhine is lined with battle fields, and mighty chieftains lie along its banks; but there never was the march of an army on its shores, not even when Bonaparte trod there with his strong legions, so sublime and awful as the approach of that single man to Worms. The fate of a *nation* hung on the tread of one—that of the *world* on the other. Crowns and thrones were carried by the former—the freedom of mankind by the latter. What is the headlong valour of Bonaparte on the bridge of Lodi, the terrible charge of McDonald at Wag-

ram, or Ney at Waterloo, compared to the steady courage of this fearless man, placing himself single-handed against kings and princes, and facing down the whole visible church of God on earth, with its prisons and torture and death placed before him. But there was a mightier power at work within him than human will or human courage—the upstaying and uplifting spirit of God bearing on the heart with its sweet promise, and nerving it with its divine strength, till it could throb as calmly in the earthquake as in the sunshine. Still his was a bold spirit, daring all and more than man dare do.

The Rhine here is a miserable stream enough, flowing amid low marshy islands, and over a flat country, so that you seem to be moving through a swamp rather than down the most beautiful river of Europe. The boat will now be entangled in a perfect crowd of these mud islands till there seems no way of escape, and now, caught in a current, go dashing straight on to another; and just when the crash is expected, and you are so near you could easily leap ashore, it shoots away like an arrow, and floats on the broad lake-like bosom of the stream. Nothing can be more stupid than the descent of the Rhine to Mayence.

Here I crossed the river and took cars for Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Here, also, I first noticed those huge rafts of timber which are brought from the mountains of Germany and floated down to Holland. One was moving down towards the bridge, four hundred feet long, and nearly three hundred wide, sprinkled over with the cabins of the navigators, who, with their families, amounted to between two and three hundred persons. I supposed the spectacle of such immense masses of floating timber was one of the peculiar features of our western world, and I did not expect such a wild and frontier scene here on the Rhine.

There are three classes of cars on the railroad to Frankfort. The first is fitted up for the delicate tastes of noble blood, though free to all. The second is better than any railroad carriage I ever saw at home, and the third very passable. Taking the second as more becoming my rank, I sped off for Frankfort. Of this free town I will say only that the belt of shrubbery and flowers going entirely round it, with carriage drives and promenades between, looks like a beautiful wreath encircling it, and occupy-

ing as it does the place of the old line of forts, is a sweet emblem of the change that is yet to come over the cities of the world from the peaceful influence of the gospel. The two things that interested us most were, the house in which Goethe was born, showing by its fine exterior that poverty was not the inheritance of one poet at least,—and the Jews' street, at one end of which stands the palace of the Rothschilds. The Jews here, as every where, are old clothes men, and the street is black with garments hanging before the dwellings to tempt the purchaser. The Rothschilds have built their palace at the *end* of the street, but *facing* one of the most fashionable streets of the town. Thus they stand with one foot among the Jews and the other among Christians. I was struck with one little incident illustrating the tenacity with which a Hebrew clings to his despised people. The mother of the Rothschilds still lives among the old clothes in the midst of her kindred, and steadily refuses to dwell with her children in their magnificent palace. Like Ruth she says to her people, "Where thou goest I will go, and thy God shall be my God." I love this strong affection for her persecuted race, choosing, as it does, shame and disgrace with them, rather than honour and riches with the world. Even here, in this enlightened town, until eleven years ago, there was an edict in force restricting the number of marriages among the Hebrews to thirteen per year.

XIX.

A DAY IN WIESBADEN.

WIESBADEN is the Saratoga of Germany and the chief town in the Duchy of Nassau. The Duke is the King of this little province containing 355,715 inhabitants, of whom a little over half are Protestants, 5,845 Jews, and the rest Catholics. This small duchy is filled with Brunnens, or bubbling springs; but before I give a description of them, let me sketch a day in Wiesbaden. At five o'clock in the morning, the servant, in obedience to my orders, knocked at my door, and with a bright sun just rising over the Taunus mountains to greet me, I threaded my way to the hot springs, a short distance from the centre of the village. A crowd had arrived before me, and were scattered around over the open area or passing up and down the promenades, carrying a glass of the steaming water in their hands, waving it backwards and forwards in the morning air, and blowing upon the surface to cool it for drinking. This water is so hot it cannot be drank for some time after it is dipped up, and the vessel containing it cannot be grasped for a single moment in the hand. A handle, therefore, is attached to all the vessels, in which each invalid receives his portion of the scalding fluid. I stood for a long time convulsed with laughter at the scene that opened before me as I approached this spring, notwithstanding the sobering effects of the early morning air. Now an old man tottered away from the steaming spring, bowing over his glass, which he held with trembling hand close to his face, and blowing with the most imperturbable gravity and dolorous countenance on the scalding fluid. Close behind him shot along a peppery Frenchman, puffing away at his drink, and swinging it backwards and forwards with such velocity and abrupt-

ness, that a portion of the hot water at length spilled over on his hand, when he dropped the vessel as if he had been bitten by a snake, and, with a dozen *sacres*, stood scowling over the broken fragments that lay scattered at his feet. Old and young women were walking along the promenades utterly absorbed in their cup of boiling water, which it required the nicest balancing to keep from spilling over. This intense attention of so many people to the single object of keeping their cups right end up, and yet swing them as far and rapid as possible in order to cool the water, was irresistibly comical. Almost every man's character could be discerned in the way he carried his cup, and the success which attended his operations. Your quiet lazy man sat down on a bench, put his vessel beside him, and crossing his legs, waited with the most composed mien the sure operation of the laws of nature to cool his dose, while the ardent impatient personage kept shaking and blowing his tumbler, and sipping every now and then, to the no slight burning of his lips.

After having watched for a while this to me novel spectacle, I stepped up to the spring and received from a young girl my portion of this boiling broth, and commenced *my* promenade, presenting, probably, to some other traveller, as ridiculous a figure as those who had just excited my mirth had to me.

The *taste* of this water, when partially cooled, is precisely like *chicken broth*. Says a humorous English traveller, of this spring, (Sir Francis Head,) "If I were to say that, while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly greatly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say what Dr. Grenville said, and what, in fact, every body says, and must say, respecting it, and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from nature's great stock-pot, the Kochbrunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer and winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same; and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing what a most wonderful apparatus

there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth always formed of the same eight or ten ingredients, always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat. One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted: in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals; but the oftener one reflects on this sort of subjects, the oftener is the oldfashioned observation forced upon the mind, that let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view."

This water, like that of Saratoga, is good for every thing: for those too fat and those too lean, for those too hot and those too cold, for all ages and conditions and sexes. After having swallowed a sufficient quantity of this broth, and what is better still, a good breakfast, I wandered two miles, through shaded walks, from the Kur Saal to the picturesque ruins of Sonnenberg Castle. Lying down under its shady trees, and away from the noise of the bustling little village, I forgot for a while, Wiesbaden, Kochbrunnen, chicken broth, and all.

This Kur Saal is a magnificent hotel, built by the Duke, and capable of seating several hundred at dinner. The main saloon is 130 feet long, 60 wide, and 50 feet high. The price for dinner is the very reasonable sum of some thirty-four or five cents. Back of this building is an open area with seats in it, where hundreds, after dinner, sit and drink coffee; and farther on, a passable pond, beautiful shrubbery, and countless walks. I hardly know a pleasanter spot to spend a week or two in than Wiesbaden, were it not for the gambling that is constantly practised. In the public rooms of the Kur Saal are roulette tables and other apparatus for gambling, which after dinner, and especially in the evening, are surrounded with persons of both sexes, most of whom stake more or less money. Directly opposite me at dinner, sat a young man whose countenance instantly attracted my attention. He was very pale and thin, while his cold blue eye, high cheek bones, and almost marble whiteness and hardness of features, together with a sullen, morose aspect, made me shrink from him as from some deadly thing. Added to all this, when

he rose from the table, I saw he had an ugly limp, which made him seem more unnatural and monster-like than before.

Wandering soon after through the rooms, seeing what was to be seen, I came to a roulette table around which were gathered gentlemen and ladies of all nations and ages, some of them staking small sums apparently for mere amusement. Just then, this sullen cadaverous looking young man came limping up, and deposited a roll of twenty Napoleons or about $80. A single turn of the wheel, and it was lost. He quietly drew forth another roll, which was also quickly lost. Without the least agitation or apparent excitement he thus continued to draw forth one roll after another till ten of them or about $800 were gone. He then *as* quietly, and without saying a single word, limped away. He had not spoken or changed a muscle the whole time, and manifested no more anxiety or regret than if he had lost only so many pennies. "There," said I to myself, as he sauntered away, "goes a professed gambler, and he has all the qualities for a successful one. Perfectly cool and self-possessed under the most provoking reverses, he does not get angry and rave at fickle, perverse fortune, but takes it all as a matter of business." I then knew, for the first time, why I felt such an antipathy towards him. A gambler carries his repulsive soul in his face, in his eye, nay, almost in his very gait. He makes a chilling atmosphere around him that repels every one that approaches him. Gambling seems to metamorphose a man more than any other crime except murder.

But let us away from this contaminating influence, and forth into God's beautiful world—into the forest, and beauty and bloom of nature, where one can breathe free again, and feel the soothing and balmy influence of the summer wind as it creeps over the mountain ridges. The sun is stooping to the western world, hasting, as it were, to my own beloved land, and the dark forests of the Taunus seem to wave an invitation to their cool shades.

Taking a guide with me, I mounted a donkey and started for "Die Platte," or the duke's hunting seat, four miles distant, on the very summit of the Taunus. For a long while we trotted along together, when, all at once, a flock of deer burst from the thicket, and bounded across our path. Going a little way into the

wood, they stopped, and allowed me to urge my donkey to within a few rods of them. Indeed they seemed almost as tame as sheep. I asked my guide what would be the penalty if he should shoot one of those deer. "Three years' imprisonment," he replied. "In my country," said I, "there are plenty of deer, and you can shoot one down wherever you find it, and have it after it is killed." He looked at me a moment, in astonishment, and then simply said, "That must be a strange country." A strange country indeed to him, who was going through a wide unbroken forest, and yet could not even take a wild bird's nest without paying a fine of five florins. At length we reached the duke's hunting seat, a white cubic building, standing alone and naked on the very summit of the hill. Two huge bronze stags stand at the entrance, while immense antlers are nailed up in every part of the hall, and along the staircase, with a paper under each, telling that it was shot by the duke, and the date of the remarkable achievement. I could not but smile at this little piece of ostentation, as I had just seen how difficult it must be to kill one of these deer. I had rode on horseback (or, rather, donkeyback) to within pistol shot of four as fine fellows as ever tossed their antlers through the forest, and then was compelled to halloo to frighten them away. I am afraid the duke would hardly show as many trophies if compelled to hunt his game in our primeval forests. The chief room of this building is circular, and has a row of antlers going entirely around it, halfway up the lofty ceiling; while every piece of furniture in it—chairs, sofas, stools, and all—are made of deer' horns in their natural state. I suppose they must have been steamed and bent into the very convenient shapes they certainly present. The cushions are all made of tanned deer-skins, adorned with hunting scenes, forest landscapes, &c. From the top of this hunting chateau I saw the glorious Rhine, flowing, in a waving line, through the landscape, while cultivated fields and vineyards, and forest-covered hills, and old castles, and towers, and cottages spread away on the excited vision in all the irregular harmony of nature; and the glorious orb of day threw its farewell light over the whole, as it dropped to its repose over distant France. I turned back to Wiesbaden, through the deepening shades of the forest,

greeted ever and anon, by the flitting form of a noble deer, as he bounded away to his evening shelter.

At night the Kur Saal is thronged with persons of both sexes;—and, as I strolled through it, I came again upon a gambling table, around which were sitting gentlemen and ladies of every age and nation. English girls were teasing their "papas" for a few sovereigns to stake on the turning of a card, and old men were watching the changes of the game with all the eagerness of youth. One lady, in particular, attracted my attention. She was from Belgium, and her whole appearance indicated a person from the upper ranks of society. To an elegant form she added a complexion of incomparable whiteness, which contrasted beautifully with her rich auburn tresses that flowed in ample ringlets around her neck. Clad in simple white, and adorned with a profusion of jewels, she took her seat by the table, while her husband stood behind her chair; and, with her delicate white hand on a pile of money before her, entered at once into the excitement of the game. As she sat, and with her small rake drew *to* her, or pushed *from* her, the money she won or lost, I gazed on her with feelings with which I had never before contemplated a woman. I did not think it was possible for an elegant and well-dressed lady to fill me with feelings of such utter disgust. Her very beauty became ugliness, and her auburn tresses looked more unbecoming than the elfin locks of a sorceress. Her appearance and her occupation presented such an utter contrast, that she seemed infinitely uglier to me than the cold-blooded, cadaverous looking gambler I had seen lose his money a few hours before. While I was mentally comparing them, in he came, limping towards the table. I was half tempted to peep round and see if he had not a cloven foot. With the same marble-like features and forbidding aspect he approached and laid down a roll of twenty Napoleons. He won, and putting down another, won again; and thus he continued, winning one after another, till he had got back the ten rolls he had lost before, and two in addition. Then, without waiting for fortune to turn against him, he walked away, not having spoken a word.

Turning to a bath-house, I threw myself into the steaming water for an hour, and then retired to my couch. These baths are so large one can swim around in them, and are arranged in a

row, with only a high partition between them, so that you can hear every splash and groan of your neighbour in the next apartment. On one side of me was an old man, apparently, whose kicks, at long intervals, told me he was yet alive. Some two or three women were on the other side, whose laughter and rapid German kept up a constant Babel, while the steam came rolling up over where I lay like the smoke from a coal-pit. I do not know what idea these Germans have of delicacy, but this hearing your neighbours kicking and splashing around you, while the whole building is open the entire length overhead, would not be tolerated in my own country.

It must be remembered that these gambling "hells" are not in out of the way places, but meet you as they would if placed in the public rooms of the hotels at Saratoga, and were patronized by the fashionables of both sexes from New York city. Methinks it is time another Luther had arisen to sweep away this chaff of Germany.

XX.

SCHWALBACH AND SCHLANGENBAD.

THERE are other mineral waters in Nassau besides those of Wiesbaden, and differing from them entirely in taste and temperature. Schwalbach contains several springs very much like the Congress, Pavilion and Iodine Springs of Saratoga. One called the Weinbrunnen, from the fancied resemblance of the water to wine, reminds one very much of the sparkling water of the Pavilion Spring. The Stahlbrunnen and the Pauline in the same place, differ from each other only in the little different proportions in which iron and carbonic acid gas are found in them. It is but a day's ride from this to the famous Nieder Selters, the spring from which the well known and almost universally circulated Seltzer water is obtained. Sir Francis Head's description of this spring and the mode of obtaining the water is better than any I could give. Says he: "On approaching a large circular shed covered with a slated roof, supported by posts but open on all sides, I found the single brunnen or well from which this highly celebrated water is forwarded to almost every quarter of the globe —to India, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, Paris, London, and to almost every city in Germany. The hole, which was about five feet square, was bounded by a framework of four strong beams mortised together, and the bottom of the shed being boarded, it resembled very much, both in shape and dimensions, one of the hatches in the deck of a ship. A small crane with three arms, to each of which there was suspended a square iron crate or basket a little smaller than the brunnen, stood about ten feet off; and while peasant girls, with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, were rapidly

filling two of these crates, which contained seventy bottles, a man turned the third by a winch, until it hung immediately over the brunnen, into which it then rapidly descended. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling of course ensued, but in about twenty seconds this having subsided, the crate was raised; and while seventy more bottles descended from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls curiously carried off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, ranging them in long rows upon a large table or dresser, also beneath the shed. No sooner were they there than two men, with surprising activity, put a cork into each; while two drummers, with a long stick in each of their hands, hammering them down, appeared as if they were playing upon musical glasses. Another set of young women now instantly carried them off, four and five in each hand, to men who, with sharp knives, sliced off the projecting part of the cork; and this operation being over, the poor jaded bottles were delivered over to women, each of whom actually covered *three thousand* of them a day with white leather, which they firmly bound with pack-thread round the corks; and then, without placing the bottles on the ground, they delivered them over to a man seated beside them, who, without any apology, dipped each of their noses into boiling hot rosin, and before they had recovered from this unexpected operation, the Duke of Nassau's seal was stamped upon them by another man, when then they were hurried, sixteen and twenty at a time, by girls, to magazines, where they peacefully remained ready for exportation.

"Having followed a set of bottles from the brunnen to the store where I left them resting from their labours, I strolled to another part of the establishment, where were empty bottles calmly waiting for their turn to be filled. I here counted twenty-five bins of bottles, each four yards broad, six yards deep, and eight feet high. A number of young girls were carrying thirty-four of them at a time to an immense reservoir, which was kept constantly full, by a large fountain pipe, of beautiful, clear fresh water."

Speaking of the number of bottles that strew the road in every direction, and make the very place look as if it had been once made of bottles and overthrown in a thunder storm, leaving its

wreck on the ground, he says: "The little children really looked as if they were made of bottles: some wore a pyramid of them in baskets on their heads;—some of them were laden with them, hanging over their shoulders, before and behind;—some carried them strapped round their middle, all their hands full; and the little urchins that could scarcely walk, were advancing, each hugging in its arms one single bottle! In fact, at Nieder Selters 'an infant' means a being totally unable to carry a bottle; puberty and manhood are proved by bottles; a strong man brags of the number he can carry, and superannuation means being no longer able in this world to bear——bottles.

"The road to the brunnen is actually strewed with fragments, and so are the ditches; and when the reader is informed that, besides all he has so patiently heard, bottles are not only expended, filled and exported, but actually *made* at Nieder Selters, he must admit that no writer can do justice to that place unless every line of his description contains at least once the word—*bottle*. The moralists of Nieder Selters preach on bottles. Life, they say, is a sound bottle, and death a cracked one. Thoughtless men are empty bottles; drunken men are leaky ones; and a man highly educated, fit to appear in any country and any society, is of course, a bottle corked, rosined, and stamped with the seal of the Duke of Nassau."

This humorous and graphic description will not be thought much exaggerated when we remember that nearly a million and a half of bottles are annually carried out of that small inland German town, to say nothing of another million and a half broken there. In the year 1832 there were exported from that spring 1,295,183 bottles. If they were all quart bottles, it would amount to over a thousand barrels of mineral water, which annually goes down somebodies' throats. This valuable spring was originally bought by the ancestor of the Duke for a single butt of wine, and it now yields a nett profit of over $26,000 per annum.

Schlangenbad, or the Serpent's bath, is another of the brunnens of Nassau. Schlangenbad is in a secluded spot, and takes its name from the quantity of snakes that live about it, swimming around in the spring and crawling through the houses with the utmost liberty. The waters are celebrated for their effect on the

skin, reducing it almost to marble whiteness. The most inveterate wrinkles and the roughest skin become smooth and white under the wonderful effects of this water. Acting as a sort of corrosive, it literally scours a man white, and then soaks him soft and smooth. Says Francis Head, "I one day happened to overhear a fat Frenchman say to his friend, after he had been lying in one of these baths a half an hour: '*Monsieur, dans ces bains ou devient absolument amoureux de soi même.*' 'Sir, in these baths, one absolutely becomes enamoured of himself.'" So great is the effect of this water on the skin, that it is bottled and sent to the most distant parts of Europe as a cosmetic.

The Germans have some mysterious origin to every thing, and what the Italians refer to the Madonna, they attribute to some indefinite mysterious agency. This spring, they say, was discovered by a sick heifer. Having been wasting away a long time, till her bones seemed actually to be pushing through her skin, and she was given up by the herdsman to die; she all at once disappeared and was gone for several weeks. No one thought of her, as it was supposed she was dead, but one day she unexpectedly returned, a sleek, fat, bright-eyed and nimble heifer. Every evening, however, she disappeared, which excited the curiosity of the herdsman so that he at length followed her, when to his surprise he saw her approach this spring, then unknown, from which having drank, she quietly returned. Not long after, a beautiful young lady began to waste away precisely like the heifer, and all medicines and nursing were in vain, and she was given over to die.

The herdsman who had seen the wonderful cure performed on one of his herd being told of her sickness, went to her and besought her to try the spring. Like a sensible man, he thought what was good for the heifer was good for the woman. She consented to try the remedy, and in a few weeks was one of the freshest, fattest, plumpest young women in all the country round. From that moment, of course, the fame of the spring was secured, and it has gone on increasing in reputation, till now the secluded spot is visited by persons from every part of Europe.

The duchy of Nassau is a beautiful portion of Germany, and

if the Duke would only abrogate, like a sensible man, some of his foolish tyrannical feudal laws, and become a father to his subjects, it would be a delightful spot every way. But the petty prince of every petty province seems to think he is more like a king the more despotic he behaves.

XXI.

MAYENCE—THE RHINE.

Mayence or Mainz lies at the upper termination of the fine scenery of the Rhine. From this to Coblenz, nearly sixty miles, this river is lined with towns, and convents, and castles, as rich in association as the ruins around Rome.

Mayence has its sights for the traveller, among which are the cathedral, the ruins of an old Roman structure, a museum of paintings, several monuments, &c., which I will pass over. There are two things worth recording of Mayence. It was here the famous Hanseatic League (the result of the Rhenish League) was formed by a confederation of cities. It was the first effectual blow aimed against unjust restrictions on commerce. Robber chieftains had lined the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence with castles, which frowned down on the river that washed their foundations; and levied tribute on every passing vessel. In the middle ages there were thirty-two "toll-gates" of these bold highwaymen on the river. Now the only chieftain on the Rhine who is still allowed to hold and exercise his feudal right, is the Duke of Nassau. Under this strong confederation, the haughty castles one after another went down, and there is now scarcely a ruin that does not bear the mark of the Emperor Rudolph's stroke. Commerce was freed from the heavy exactions that weighed it down, and sailed with spreading canvass and fearless prow under the gloomy shadows of the castles that had once been its terror and destroyer.

Byron looked on these castles with the eye of a poet, and felt vastly more sympathy for the robber chieftains that lived by violence, than for the peaceful traders whose bodies were often left

floating down the Rhine. It is well for the world that those who formed the Hanseatic League were not poets of the Lara, Childe Harold, and Manfred school. Seeing very little romance in having their peaceful inhabitants fired upon by robbers who were fortunate enough to live in castles, they wisely concluded to put a stop to it. Had they not taken this practical view of the matter, Byron would probably not have been allowed to poetise so much at his leisure and with such freedom of expression, as he did when he sung of the "chiefless castles breathing stern farewells."

"And there they stand as stands a lofty mind,
Worn but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high and battles passed below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

Beneath those battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaw conquerors should have,
But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space an ornamented grave,
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

In their baronial feuds and single fields
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died?
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine, beneath its ruin run.

But thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow

Through banks whose beauty would endure forever
Could man but leave thy bright creations so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth proved like Heaven ; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it should Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed away,
And Slaughter heaped on high his welt'ring ranks,
Their very graves are gone, and what are they ?
Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday :
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glossed with its dancing light the sunny ray,
But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem."

Thus mused the haughty misanthropic bard along the Rhine ;—and these few sentences, by the conflicting sentiments that pervade them, exhibit the perfect chaos of principle and feeling amid which he struggled with more desperation than wisdom. One moment he expresses regret that those old feudal chiefs have passed away, declaring, on the faith of a bard, that they were as good as their destroyers, and the next moment pouring his note of lamentation over the evils of war.

The other notable event in the history of Mayence is—the first printing press was established here.

There is a monument here to Gensfleisch (*goose flesh*), called Gutemberg, a native of the place, who was the inventor of moveable types. This first printing office, occupied by him between the years 1443 and 1450, is still standing. One could moralize over it an hour. From the first slow arrangement of those moveable types to the present diffusion of printed matter, what a long stride ! He who could hear the first crippled movement of that miniature press, the only one whose faint sound rose from this round earth ; and then catch the din and thunder of the "ten thousand times ten thousand" steam presses that are shaking the very continents on which they rest with their fierce action ; would see an onward step in the progress of the race more prophetic of change

than in the conquests of the Cæsars. The quiet, thoughtful Gensfleisch little knew what an earthquake he was generating as he slowly distributed those few types. If the sudden light which rushed on the world had burst on *his* vision, and the shaking of empires and sound of armies, set in motion by the diffusion of thoughts and truths which the press had scattered on its lightning-like pinions, met his ear, he would have been alarmed at his labour, and trembled as he held the first printed leaf in his hand. That printed page was a richer token to the desponding world than the olive leaf which the dove bore back to the Ark from the subsiding deluge. Men, as they roam by the Rhine, talk of old Schomberg and Blucher and Ney, and heroes of martial renown, but John Gensfleisch and Martin Luther are the two mightiest men that lie along its shores. The armies that struggled here are still, and their renowned battle-fields have returned again to the hand of the husbandman; but the struggle commenced by these men has not yet reached its height, and the armies *they* marshalled not yet counted their numbers, or fought their greatest battle.

Well, brave Gutemberg, (to descend from great things to small) I here, on thy own moveable types, lay my offering to thee, and salute thee "greater than a king."

A bridge of boats, *one thousand six hundred and sixty-six* feet long, here crosses the Rhine to Cassel, the railroad dépôt for Frankfort and Wiesbaden. It is strongly fortified, and commands the bridge in a manner that would make the passage of it by a hostile army, like the passage of the bridge of Lodi. The boats which form it lie with their heads up stream, secured to the bed of the river by strong fastenings; and covered with planks. Sections here and there swing back to admit the free passage of boats, while nearly half of the whole line is compelled to retire before one of those immense rafts of timber which are floated down the Rhine.

XXII.

THE CASTELLATED RHINE.

"The Rhine! the Rhine!" which has been the shout of glad armies, as its silver sheen flashed on their eyes as they came over the surrounding heights, is interesting more from its association than its scenery. The changes that have come over the world are illustrated more strikingly here than even in Rome. The old convent where the jolly friar revelled, is converted into a manufactory—the steamboat is rushing past the nodding castles of feudal chiefs—the modern town straggling through the ruins of once lordly cities, and all the motion and excitement of the nineteenth century, over the unburied corpses of the first fourteen centuries. There is probably no river on our globe more rich in associations than the Rhine. Navigable for over six hundred miles, through the very heart of Europe, its dominion has been battled for for nineteen centuries. From the time the Roman legions trod its shores, and shouted victory in good classic Latin, or retired before the fierce charge of barbaric warriors; to the middle ages, when feudal chiefs reared their castles here, and performed deeds of daring and chivalry that dimly live in old traditions; it has been the field of great exploits, and witnessed the most important event of European history. It has been no less the scene of stirring events in modern times. The French Revolution, after it had reduced France to chaos, rolled heavily towards the Rhine. On its banks was the first great struggle between the young and strong Democracy, and the haughty, but no longer vigorous Feudalism. Here kingship first trembled for its crown and throne, and Europe gathered in haste to save its tottering monarchies. On its shores France stood and shouted to the

nations beyond, sending over the startled waters the cry, "All men are born free and equal," till the murmur of the people answered it. The Rhine has seen the armies of the Cæsars along its banks—the castles of feudal chiefs flinging their shadows over its placid bosom—the printing press rise in its majesty beside it, and the stern Luther tread along its margin muttering words that shook the world. It has also borne Bonaparte and his strong legions on, yet amid it all—amid crumbling empires, and through the smoke of battle—undisturbed by the violence and change that have ploughed up its banks, lined them with kingdoms, and strewed them with their ruins—it has ever rolled, the same quiet current, to the sea. Its scenery is also beautiful, but not so much when viewed from its surface as when seen from the different points of prospect furnished by the heights around. From the old castles on the shores and the ridges around, the landscape has almost endless variations, yet is always beautiful.

Byron has combined all the striking features of the Rhine in a single verse, yet coloured some of them a little too highly.

> "The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom,
> Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
> The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
> The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
> The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
> In mockery of man's art; and these withal
> A race of faces happy as the scene,
> Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
> Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall."

Almost every castle has, with its real history, some wild tradition connected; which, though it may or may not be true, adds great interest to the mysterious ruin. In looking over the guide book I was struck with the number of "outline sketches" for magazine tales—thrilling novels, &c., furnished on almost every page. In a few sentences will be told the fate of some old feudal lord, or his beautiful daughter, of whose private history one would gladly know more. Thus at Braesemberg are the ruins of two castles, of one of which, the Bromserhof, we are told that "tradition says, that one of these knights, Bonser of Rudesheim, on

repairing to Palestine, signalized himself by destroying a dragon, which was the terror of the Christian army. No sooner had he accomplished it, than he was taken prisoner by the Saracens; and while languishing in captivity, he made a vow, that if ever he returned to his castle of Rudesheim, he would devote his only daughter, Gisela, to the church. He arrived at length, a pilgrim, at his castle, and was met by his daughter, now grown into a lovely woman. Gisela loved, and was beloved by a young knight from a neighbouring castle, and she heard with consternation her father's vow. Her tears and entreaties could not change his purpose. He threatened her with his curse if she did not obey; and in the midst of a violent storm, she precipitated herself from the tower of the castle into the Rhine below. The fishermen found her corpse the next day in the river, by the tower of Hatto, and the boatmen and vintagers at this day fancy they sometimes see the pale form of Gisela hovering about the ruined tower, and hear her voice mingling its lamentations with the mournful whistlings of the wind." I leave to some one else the filling up this outline. There is the scene of the first interview of this selfish old Jephtha with his daughter—the wild meetings of the two lovers—the pleadings with the father—the rash purposes, and the final leap from the castle tower, of the beautiful Gisela—all fair property for the weaver of romances—a sort of schedule already made out for him.

This tower of Hatto, at the base of which was found the form of Gisela, is some distance farther down the river. In descending to it one passes the vineyards of the famed Rudesheim wine, and the white castle of St. Roch. The Bishop of Hatto has been immortalized by Southey, in his "Traditions of Bishop Hatto," commencing with the imaginative line

"The summer and autumn had been so wet."

Here begins the "Rhine gorge," which furnishes the most beautiful scenery on the river. The banks of the stream become more precipitous and rocky, affording secure frontiers for the feudal chiefs that fortified themselves upon them. Ruined castles—gaping towers—dilapidated fortresses, begin to crowd with almost startling rapidity on the beholder. As the boat flies along on the swift

current of the stream he has scarcely time to read the history and traditions of one, before another claims his attention. Placed in every variety of position, and presenting memorials of almost every century, they keep the imagination in constant activity. The castles of Falkenburg perched on its rocky eminence; Reichenstein and Rheinstein, a little lower down, are grouped together in one *coup d'œil*, while the falling turrets of Sonneck rush to meet you from below, and the castle of Heimberg frowns over the village at its feet. Next comes old Furstenberg with its round tower and crumbling walls, and then Nottingen, and after it the massive fragments of Stahleck castle, looking gloomily down from the heights of Bacharach. While I was thus casting my eyes, first on one side, and then the other, of the river, as these, to me new and strange objects, came and went on my vision, suddenly from out the centre of the river rose the castle of Pfalz. We had scarcely passed it before the batt ements of Gutenfels appeared, and soon after the rock-founded castle of Schaenberg. Tradition says that it received the name of Beautiful Hill from seven beautiful daughters of one of the old chieftains. Though beloved and sought for by all the young knights far and near, they turned a deaf ear to every suitor, and finally, for their hardheartedness, were turned into seven rocks, which still remain, a solemn warning to all beautiful and heartless coquets to remotest time. At length, just above St. Goar, the black and naked precipice of Lurleiberg rose out of the water on the left, frowning in savage silence over the river. Just before we came opposite this perpendicular rock, the boat entered a rapid, formed by the immense rocks in the bed of the stream, and began to shoot downward like an arrow to an immense whirlpool in front of the Lurleiberg. The river here striking the rocks, and dashing back towards the opposite side, forms a whirlpool, called by the inhabitants the Gewirr; into the furious eddy of which our little steamboat dashed without fear. She careened a little one side as she passed along the slope of the Wirbel, probably tipped over by the beautiful, though evil-minded, water nymph—the Circe of the Rhine—which used to beguile poor ignorant boatmen by her ravishing voice into the boiling eddies, where she deliberately drowned them. Unable to charm the steam-engine, which goes snorting in the most unpo-

etical and daring manner through all the meshes she weaves with her whirlpool, she revenges herself by putting her ivory shoulder against the keel of the boat as it passes, and exerting all her strength gives it a slight tip over, just to show that she still occupies her realm.

I was struck here with one of those exhibitions of the love of the picturesque and beautiful which meets the traveller at almost every step on the Continent. There is a grotto under the Lurleiberg where the echo of a bugle blast or pistol shot is said to be repeated fifteen times. As we approached it, I heard first the explosion of a gun, and then the strains of a bugle. I did not know at first what it meant, and was much amused when I was told, on inquiring, that a man was kept stationed there, whose sole business was to fire guns and blow his bugle for the benefit of travellers. This making a business of getting up echoes looks odd to an American. A man thus stationed on the Hudson to rouse echoes for every boat that passed, would have a great many jokes cracked at his expense. I should have been better pleased with this arrangement, however, had I derived any benefit from it. Between the crushi g sound of the water, as it swept in swift circles around the boat, and the churning of the steam-engine, I did not get even a *single* echo. I heard only the explosion of the gun, and the fitful, uncertain strains of the bugle—the *echoes* the steamboat and whirlpool had all to themselves.

We had scarcely passed the base of this precipice before the ruins of the fortress of Rheinfels emerged into view. This is the largest ruin on the river, and witnessed bloody work in olden times, as its stern lord levied duties on every traveller up the Rhine. It was the impregnable character of this fortification which helped bring about the Hanseatic League. It was blown up by the revolutionary army of France, and has remained a ruin ever since. Next comes the Thurmberg, or castle of the mouse, a ruin in a more perfect state of preservation than any other on the Rhine. It wants only the wood-work to render it entire. A little lower down rises the old convent of Bornhofen, and the *twin castles* of Sternberg and Liebenstein, presenting a most singular, yet charming, feature in the landscape. Still farther down, and lo, the noble castle of Marksburg, perched on

the top of a cone-like rock, looking silently down on the little village of Branbach, at the base, burst on my sight. This old castle stands just as it did in the middle ages, with all its secret, narrow passages, winding staircases, dungeons, and instruments of torture, preserved through the slow lapse of centuries. The castle of Lahneck comes next, and last of all, before reaching Coblentz, the fine old castle of Stalzenfels. It stands on a rock in the most picturesque position imaginable. It had lain in ruins since the French destroyed it, nearly two hundred years ago; but the town of Coblentz having presented it to the Crown Prince of Prussia, he is slowly repairing it after the ancient model. He devotes an annual sum to the repairs, and it already shows what a beautiful structure it must have been originally. The gift on the part of Coblentz was no great affair, as they had already offered it for fifty-three dollars, and could find nobody to buy it at that price. The old castles on the Rhine follow the laws of trade —the price always corresponds to the demand. But here the castle-market is glutted, and hence the sales are light.

One cannot easily imagine the effect of these turreted ruins, suddenly bursting on one at every turn of the river. The whole distance from Mayence to Coblentz is less than sixty miles, and yet one passes all these old castles in sailing over it. But these castles are not all that charms the beholder. There are ruined convents and churches—smiling villages, sweet vineyards—bare precipices and garden-like shores, all coming and going like the objects in a moving diorama, keeping up a succession of surprises that prevents one effectually from calling up the associations of any one particular scene.

XXIII.

THE RHINE FROM COBLENTZ TO COLOGNE.

Coblentz is one of the most picturesque towns we have ever seen. Its position on the Rhine seems chosen on purpose for effect. One of the most interesting objects in it is the rock and fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which commands a glorious view of the junction of the Rhine and Mosel, and which, from its impregnable position, is called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It will hold a garrison of 14,000 men, while the magazines will contain provisions sufficient to maintain eight thousand men for ten years. The escarped rocks on three sides would repel almost any assault, and the fortress can easily sustain the glorious name it gained in the seventeenth century, when assailed in vain by the French armies. The name signifies "honour's broadstone." There is a convent of Jesuits in the town, with such ample wine cellars that a stage coach could drive around in them, and they have held nearly a half a million of bottles of wine. In the public square is a fountain, erected as a monument, by the French, in 1812, on which was chiselled an inscription, to commemorate their invasion of Russia. A few months after, the fragments of the Grand Army were driven over the Rhine. Over the fallen host the Russians had marched in triumph, and pressing fast on the flying traces of Bonaparte, entered this town on their march for Paris. The Russian commander, seeing this monument, instead of having it destroyed, caused to be cut under the French inscription, "*Vu et approuvè par nous, commandant Russe, de la ville Coblence, Janvier* 1er, 1814. This is rather a hard hit on the French, and shows that St. Priest had more contempt than hate in his composition. Here, too, sleeps the brave and noble Marceau, who fell

in the hotly fought battle of Altenkirchen. Byron expressed the feelings of both friends and foes when he sung

> "Brief, brave and glorious was his young career—
> His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
> And fitly may the stranger lingering here
> Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose,
> For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
> The few in number, who had not o'erstept
> The charter to chastise which she bestows
> On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
> The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

We had scarcely shoved away from the wharf at Coblentz before castles, which seemed to have dropped down the river during our stop, began to rise along the shores. The *Crane*, built nearly three hundred years ago, and just below it the *Watch Tower* of older date, round below and eight-sided above, present a most picturesque appearance. Farther down rises the castle of Rheineck, with the castellated building beside it looking like the residence of some old feudal chief, in the heyday of his power. Farther down still, after the Ahr has poured its silver stream into the Rhine, appear the black precipices of *Erpeler Lei*, seven hundred feet high. At first view this immense basaltic rock seems perfectly inaccessible, but the vintager has converted it into a vineyard. In the crevices, all along the face of the precipice, are placed baskets filled with earth, in which are planted vines, that creep up and cling to the rock, covering it with verdure and fruit. Opposite the village of Unkel is another basaltic rock, rising in columns from the water. The Rhine raves past it as if conscious that the long, dull sweep of the Lowlands was below it, and it must foam and rave while it could.

The Tower of Roland comes next, and after it the ruins of seven castles, on seven different mountains, the remains of the castles of the Archbishops of Cologne. A little farther on, and lo, the Rhine goes in one broad sweep of twenty miles to Cologne, sparkling under the summer sky, and rejoicing in the wealth of villages and vineyards, and cultivated fields along its shores. The view here is glorious, and I was tempted to echo the shout of the Prussian army, "The Rhine! The Rhine!" Up the river

the rocks shut in the prospect, as if endeavouring to restrain the Rhine, and look savage and gloomy upon the liberated waters that leap away without farther restraint, for the open country below. Unlike the Hudson, which goes in one broad steady sweep from Albany to New York, the Rhine is tortuous and unsteady; now spreading out into a lake filled with islands, now smoothly laving the richly cultivated banks, and now dashing on the rocks that push into its channel, till its vexed waters boil in frenzy—and now gliding arrow-like past some old castle, that seems watching its movements. The *natural* scenery along its course is greatly inferior to that of the Hudson, but the accessories of vineyards, and villages, and convents, and churches, and castles, and towers, and the associations around them, all make the passage up or down it one of the most interesting in the world, in the beauty and variety it presents.

The seven hills, "*Siebengebirge*," I mentioned above, are the lower terminations of the grand scenery on the Rhine. These "seven hills" (there are more than seven), crowned with their ruined castles, form a scene that can scarcely be surpassed. They have all been thrown up by some volcano, that lived, and worked, and died here, before man had a written history; and rise in magnificent proportions along the banks of the rushing river. The Lowenberg, 1414 feet high; the Wolkenberg, 1067; the Drachenfels (dragon's rock), 1056; the Oelberg, 1473; the Niederstromberg, 1066; and the Stromberg, 1053 feet in height, surmounted by ruined battlements, towers, &c., are a glorious brotherhood, and worthy of the Rhine, on which they look. I will not give the traditions connected with many of these, nor add the particular descriptions and aspect of each. The impression they make on one he carries with him through life. Especially does an American, whose eye has roamed over primeval forests, broad rivers, and lofty mountains; left just as the hand of nature formed them, gaze with curious feelings on this blending of precipices, and castles, and mountains, and ruins, together. Nature looks old in such connection—a sort of bondslave to man, bereft of her pride and freedom, and robbed of her freshness and life.

Drachenfels rises almost perpendicularly to the view from the

river shore, with a cap of ruins on its lofty head. Byron has immortalized this rock in language so sweet that I risk the complaint of quoting too much, and give the three following beautiful verses.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frown o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I could see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply towers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round,
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine."

Passing Bonn, with its University, Cathedral, &c., rapidly as steam and the downward current together could bear us, we were soon under the white walls of Cologne. Here I lost sight of two fellow travellers that had added much to my pleasure down the Rhine. It had so happened that we wished to stop at the same places, and had thus kept company from Frankfort to

Cologne. They were two ladies that had attracted my attention when they got on board at Mayence. One was an elderly lady, and the other young and beautiful.

Sitting near them soon after we started, the elderly lady addressed some inquiry to me respecting the boat, which I answered in the fewest words possible, for I perceived they were French, and I was nervous about speaking to them in their own language.

As the day advanced I was struck with the familiarity exhibited by the passengers. A gentleman would address a lady beside him, a perfect stranger, with some remark about the scenery, which she answered with the utmost cheerfulness, and there was that general freedom from restraint; and that confidence in each other's polite behaviour, the reverse of which makes our steamboat travelling like an assemblage of pickpockets, unacquainted with each other, and suspicious of each other's designs.

Seeing, not long after, a copy of one of Dickens's works in the younger lady's hand, I presumed to address her in English, which, to my delight, she spoke almost like an Englishwoman. There was an ease and grace in her manners, and her remarks were characterized by an intelligence and a knowledge of the world, that rendered her one of the most attractive persons I ever met. She was glad, she said, to converse in English, and I was glad to have her. I was a stranger and alone, and hence felt more deeply her kindness in thus conversing with me hour after hour. An American lady might think this vastly improper and forward, but *I* shall remember her with grateful feelings as long as I remember the Rhine.

She, with the elderly lady her companion, were to ascend the Rhine in their carriage, which they had aboard from Cologne, so as to get all the beauties of the scenery.

XXIV.

RHINE WINES, COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, LOUVAIN, BRUSSELS.

I HAD designed to give a chapter on Rhine wines, and the vineyards of the Rhine, but will pass them over, referring only to Prince Metternich's celebrated vineyard, just above Geissenheim, between Mayence and Coblentz. The monks formerly possessed this extensive vineyard, covering fifty-five acres. The Prince of Orange owned it next, and held it till it fell into Bonaparte's hand, who gave it to Marshal Kellerman, in reward for his services. At the close of Napoleon's career, it reverted to the Emperor of Austria, who made a present of it to Metternich, the present owner. He has repaired it, and the Chateau of Johannesberg is now a very conspicuous object on the banks of the Rhine. The vineyard yields about forty butts of wine per annum, and it is called the best of the Rhenish wines.

Cologne, independent of its sights, is an object of interest, from the part it played in Roman history. A camp pitched here by Marcus Agrippa, was the first commencement of the city. Vitellius and Sylvanus were proclaimed emperors of Rome here, and here also Agrippina, the mother of Nero, was born. It retains, to this day, many of the peculiar customs of Italy, and is the only city in the north of Europe where the Carnival is celebrated. I will not speak of the paintings it contains, or of the architecture of the churches. *The Cathedral*, however, I will mention in passing. This magnificent building was begun six hundred years ago, and still remains not half completed. It is of Gothic architecture, and had it been finished, would have been one of the finest edifices in the world. It was to have two towers, each five hundred feet, but

they remain unfinished, and probably will to the end of time. The two things that interested me most were, the "Shrine of the three Kings of Cologne," and the Choir. The former is in a small chapel just behind the main altar, and is said to contain *the bones of the three Magi* who came from the East to lay their offerings *at the feet of the infant Saviour*. The *names* of these three wise men, the chronicle states, were *Gaspar*, *Melchior*, and *Balthaser*, and, to prevent the possibility of a doubt, these names are *written in rubies on their own skulls*. This shrine, with its gold and silver and precious stones, is said to be worth over a million of dollars, although bereft of some of its choicest gems during the French Revolution.

The choir is the only part of the church completely finished, and shows by its magnificence and splendour the extravagant designs of the first builders. I have never seen any thing more grand in its general plan and construction, and yet so exquisitely beautiful in its details, than this choir. I cannot give a better description of it than in the language of an English traveller. "The choir is the only part finished; *one hundred and eighty feet high*, and internally, from its size, height, and disposition of pillars, arches, chapels, and beautifully coloured windows, resembling a splendid vision. Externally, its double range of stupendous flying buttresses, and intervening piers, bristling with a forest of purfiled pinnacles, strike the beholder with awe and astonishment." Long before reaching Cologne, the highest tower of the church is visible, with a huge crane swinging from its unfinished top, where it has hung for centuries. Some time since it was taken down by the city authorities, but a terrible thunder-storm which swept over the place soon after, was believed by the frightened inhabitants to be in consequence of their wickedness in removing this crane. It was saying to the world, "we never intend to finish this church," a declaration which set the elements in such commotion, that soon after an awful black thunder-cloud began to show itself over the trembling city. The lightning crossed its fiery lances over head, and the redoubled thunder shook the very foundations on which the city stood. As soon, therefore, as it was over, and to prevent another similar, more awful visitation, the inhabitants began to hoist this enormous crane to its place on the top of the tower. I

could not but laugh, as I saw its black outline against the sky, at the folly that had replaced it there. It was the most deliberate humbug practised on a large scale I had ever seen. It was like the Irishman vowing a hundred candles to the Virgin Mary, if she would save him from shipwreck, when the vessel was breaking to pieces under him. Said his companion to him, "Why do you lie, for you know you can't get them?" "Never mind," he replied, "keep still, the Virgin don't know it." The Cologne people have acted like the Irishman in this respect—they have no idea of finishing the church, though a hundred thunder-storms should sweep over the city; but they seem to think that if the *crane* is up ready for hoisting stone, the Deity will not know it. If they only look grave, say nothing, and keep the crane swinging, they imagine the blessed Virgin will believe they design to commence building soon.

Cologne is not so dirty as Coleridge makes it out to be, though it is a very disagreeable town to get around in. I will mention but one thing more in it—the Church of St. Ursula. It stands just without the walls, and is remarkable only for containing the bones and skulls of *eleven thousand virgins*, all slain in one great massacre. This is a large allowance even for a Roman Catholic tradition, which does not generally stick at improbabilities. It seems this St. Ursula, of blessed memory, in carrying her unusual quantity of virgins from Britain to Armorica, was driven by tempests up the Rhine to Cologne, where the Huns, in their barbarian fury, slew them all, because they would not yield to their lusts. To say nothing of this singularly large fleet of virgins, it is very curious they should be driven, by a week or more of tempests, through the Lowlands, up the Rhine to Cologne, without having once got aground or sent high and dry ashore. I will not, however, dispute the legend, especially as I saw several terraces of the bones themselves, or at least of *veritable* bones, ranged round the church between the walls. The skull of St. Ursula, with a few select skulls, probably belonging to her body-guard, have a separate apartment, called the Golden Chamber, and are encased in silver. But, seriously, I cannot divine what first induced this grand collection of skeletons, and their peculiar arrangement for public exhibition. It looks as if some battle-field

had been robbed of its slain in order to furnish this cabinet of hideous relics.

I went by rail-road from Cologne to Aix la Chapelle (forty-three miles), and stopping there only long enough to get breakfast, found no time to see the town. The rail-road is not yet finished from it to Liege, and travellers are compelled to go by diligence. The distance is about twenty-six miles; and having an unconquerable dislike to diligence travelling, I determined to hire a carriage. An English gentleman, standing at the door as I was inquiring about the terms, &c., said he should like to take a carriage with me. I gladly accepted his proposal, and we started off in company. I mention this incident to illustrate an Englishman's ignorance of the United States. I had heard some of our most distinguished writers, male and female, speak of it in their encounters with the English in their own country, but had never met any marked case of it myself. But this man, who spent every summer on the Continent, knew no more of the American Republic than an idiot. Among other things illustrating his ignorance, in reply to my statement that I was from New York, he said, "New York—let me see—does that belong to *the Canadas* yet?" I told him I believed not; that it was my impression it had been separated from it for some time. "Ah!" said he, and that ended his inquiries on that point. It was equal to the remark of an English literary lady once to one of my own distinguished countrywomen. In speaking of the favourable features of the United States, she remarked very naively, that she should think the climate would be very cool in summer, from the *wind blowing over the Cordilleras mountains!*

The view of Liege, from the heights, as we began to descend into the valley, was quite a novel one for the Continent. The long chimneys of the numerous manufactories reminded me of the activity and enterprise of my own land. I did not go over the town, but took the rail-road for Louvain, on my way to Brussels. I just gave one thought to Quintin Durward and the "Wild Boar of Ardennes," and we were away with the speed of the wind. I stopped at Louvain solely to visit the beautiful Gothic building of the Hotel de Ville. It is said to be the most beautiful Gothic edifice in the world. The whole exterior, in almost every foot of

it, is elaborately wrought. Bassi relievi cover it—many of them representing sins and their punishments. The stone of which it is composed is soft when first quarried, and hence is easily worked, but it hardens by exposure to the air.

The next morning I started for Brussels. There is an airiness and cheerfulness about this city that pleased me exceedingly, and I should think a residence in it, for a part of the year, would be delightful. The impression I got of it, however, may be owing to the position of the hotel at which I stopped. Situated on an eminence near the park, the traveller may be in a few moments strolling through beautiful grounds, thronged with promenaders as gay as those of the Champs Elysée and the Tuileries.

XXV.

BATTLE-FIELD OF WATERLOO.

THE sky was darkly overcast, and not a breath of air disturbed the ominous hush of the atmosphere, which always precedes a rain, as we started for the greatest battle-field of Europe. My companions were an American; and an English cavalry captain, just returned from the Indies. We had been shown before the house in which the ball was held the night before the battle. I could imagine the sudden check to the "sound of revelry," when over the exciting notes of the viol came the dull booming of cannon, striking on the youthful heart "like a rising knell."

> "Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
> And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
> Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
> And sudden partings, such as press
> The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
> Which ne'er might be repeated."———

We followed the route taken by Wellington and his suite from Brussels, and trotting through the forest of Soignies, which Byron, by poetical license, has called the forest of Ardennes; came upon the little hamlet of Waterloo, situated a short distance from the field of battle. Our guide was a man who lived in the village at the time of the battle, and had been familiar with all its localities for years.

I have trod many battle-fields of ancient and modern glory, but never one with the strange feelings with which I wandered over this, for here the star of Bonaparte set forever. To understand the

description, imagine two slightly elevated semicircular ridges, or, as they might more properly be termed, slopes, curving gently towards each other like a parenthesis, and you have the position of the two armies. On the summit of one of these slopes was arrayed the French army, and on the other the English. The night of the 17th of June was dark and stormy. The rain fell in torrents, and the two armies lay down in the tall rye drenched with rain to wait the morning that was to decide the fate of Europe and of Napoleon. From the ball-room at Brussels many an officer had been summoned in haste to the field, and shivering and cold, was compelled to pass the night in mud and rain in his elegant attire. The artillery had cut up the ground so that the mud was shoe deep, while the tall rye lay crushed and matted beneath the feet of the soldiers. The morning of the 18th opened with a drizzling rain, and the two armies, benumbed with cold and soaking wet, rose from their damp beds to the contest. Eighty thousand French soldiers were seen moving in magnificent array on the crest of the ridge, as they took their several positions for the day. Upward of seventy thousand of the allied forces occupied the ridge or eminences opposite them,—formed mostly into squares.

In a moment the battle was all before me. I could almost see Bonaparte as, after having disposed his forces, and flushed with hope, he gaily exclaimed to his suite, "now to breakfast," and galloped away. The shout of "Vive l'Empereur" that followed shook the very field on which they stood, and seemed ominous of disaster to the allied army. Two hundred and sixty-two cannon lined the ridge like a wall of death before the French, while Wellington had but one hundred and eighty-six to oppose them. At eleven the firing commenced, and immediately Jerome Bonaparte led a column of six thousand men down on Hougoumont, an old chateau which defended Wellington's right, and was good as a fort. Advancing in the face of the most destructive fire that gallant column pushed up to the very walls of the chateau, and thrust their bayonets through the door. But it was all in vain; and though the building was set on fire and consumed, and the roaring of the flames was mingled with the shrieks of the wounded that were perishing in it, the rage of the combatants only increas-

ed. But the Coldstream Guards held the court-yard with invincible obstinacy, and Jerome Bonaparte was compelled to retire, after leaving 1,400 men in a little orchard beside the walls, where it does not seem so many men could be laid. In a short time the battle became general along the whole lines, and prodigies of valour were performed on every rod of the ensanguined field. The heavy French cavalry came thundering down on the steady English squares, that had already been wasted by the destructive artillery, and strove with almost superhuman energy to break them. Driven to desperation by their repeatedly foiled attempts, they at length stopped their horses and coolly walked them round and round the squares, and wherever a man fell dashed in, in vain valour. Wherever one of those rock-fast squares began to waver, Wellington threw himself into its centre, and it again became immoveable as a mountain. With their gallant chief in their keeping those brave British hearts could not yield. Whole columns went down like frost-work before the headlong charges of cavalry and infantry. In the centre the conflict at length became awful, for there the crisis of the battle was fixed. Wellington stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with the cannon shot over head, and nearly his whole guard smitten down by his side, anxiously watching the progress of the fight. His brave squares, torn into fragments by bombs and ricochet shot, still refused to yield one foot of ground. Napoleon rode through his ranks, cheering on the exhausted columns of infantry and cavalry, that rent the heavens with the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur*," and dashed with unparalleled recklessness on the bayonets of the English.

The hero of Wagram, and Borodino, and Austerlitz, and Marengo, and Jena, enraged at the stubborn obstinacy of the British, rages over the field, and is still sure of victory. Wellington, seeing that he cannot much longer sustain the desperate charges of the French battalions, wipes the sweat from his anxious forehead and exclaims, "Oh, that Blucher or night would come." Thus from eleven till four did the battle rage with sanguinary ferocity, and still around the centre it grew more awful every moment. The mangled cavalry staggered up to the exhausted British squares, which, though diminished and bleeding

in every part, seemed rooted to the ground they stood upon. The heroic Picton had fallen at the head of his brigade, while his sword was flashing over his head. Ponsonby had gone down on the hard fought field, and terror and slaughter were on every side. The most enthusiastic courage had driven on the French troops, which the rock-fast resolution of British tenacity alone could resist. The charge of the French cavalry on the centre was awful. Disregarding the close and murderous fire of the British batteries, they rode steadily forward till they came to the bayonet's point. Prodigies of valour were wrought, and *heroes* fell at every discharge. Bonaparte's star now blazed forth in its ancient splendour, and now trembled in the zenith. The shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle, and thrones tottered on the ensanguined field. At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed into the field, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians came, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold him in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the charge of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavour to pierce the allied centre with one grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throw himself between the two armies, and fight them separately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like frost-work. The other was placed under Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and the most irresistible of all Napoleon's Marshals. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them the battle rested with them. "*Vive l'Empereur*" answered him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle. Ney then placed himself at their head, and began to move down the slope and over the field. No drum or trumpet or martial strain cheered them on. They needed nothing to fire their steady courage. The eyes of the world were on them, and

the fate of Europe in their hands. The muffled tread of that magnificent legion alone was heard. For a moment the firing ceased along the British lines. The terror of Europe was on the march, and the last awful charge of the Imperial Guard, which had never yet failed, was about to be made. The crisis had come, the hour of destiny arrived, and Napoleon saw, with anxious eye, his Empire carried by that awful column as it disappeared in the smoke of battle. The firing ceased only for an instant; the next moment the artillery opened, and that dense array was rent as if a hurricane had passed through it. Ney's horse sunk under him, and he mounted another and cheered on his men. Without wavering or halting that band of heroes closed up their shattered ranks, and moved on in the face of the most wasting fire that ever swept a field of battle. Again and again did Ney's horse sink under him, till five had fallen, and then on foot, with his drawn sabre in his hand, he marched at the head of his column. On, on, like the inrolling tide of the sea, that dauntless Guard pressed up to the very mouth of the cannon, and taking their fiery load full in their bosoms—walked over artillery, cannoniers and all, and pushed on through the British lines till they came within a few feet of where Wellington stood. The day seemed lost to the allies, when a rank of men, who had lain flat on their faces behind a low ridge of earth, and hitherto unseen by the French, heard the order of Wellington, "up and at 'em!" and springing to their feet, poured an unexpected volley into the very faces of that advancing Guard. Taken by surprise, and smitten back by the sudden shock, they had not time to rally before another and another volley completed the disorder, and that hitherto unconquerable Guard was hurrying in wild confusion over the field. "The Guard recoils!" "the Guard recoils!" rung in despairing shrieks over the army, and all was over. Blucher effected his junction, and Wellington ordered a simultaneous advance along the whole lines. The Old Guard, disdaining to fly, formed into two immense squares, and attempted to stay the reversed tide of battle. They stood and let the artillery plough through them in vain. The day was lost. Bonaparte's star had set forever, and his empire crumbled beneath him.

Wellington met Blucher at La Belle Alliance, the head-quar-

ters of Napoleon. The former returned back over the field, while the latter continued the pursuit all night long, strewing the road for thirty miles with mangled corpses.

And I was standing on this awful field, waving with grain just as it did on that mild morning. As my eye rested on this and that spot, where deeds of valour were done, and saw in imagination those magnificent armies struggling for a continent, and heard the roar of cannon, the shocks of cavalry and the rolling fire of infantry, and saw the waving of plumes and torn banners amid the smoke of battle that curtained them in; what wonder is it that for the moment I forgot the carnage and the awful waste of human life in the excitement and grandeur of the scene? But let him who is in love with glory go over the bloody field after the thunder of battle is hushed, and the excitement of the strife is over. The rain is past, the heavy clouds have melted away, and behold the bright and tranquil moon is sailing through the starry heavens and looking serenely down on the bloody field. Under its reproving light you see flashing swords, and glittering uniforms, and torn plumes, and heaps of mangled men. More than 50,000 cumber the field, while thousands of wounded horses, still alive, rend the air with their shrill cries; and at intervals break in the mingled curse and groan and prayer of the tens of thousands that are writhing amid the slaughtered heaps in mortal agony. Dismembered limbs are scattered round like broken branches after a hurricane, while disembowelled corpses lie like autumn leaves on every side. Ghastly wounds greet the eye at every turn, while ever and anon comes the thunder of distant cannon on the night air, telling where Blucher still continues the work of destruction.

And the bright round moon is shining down on all this, and the sweet air of June is breathing over it. Oh! what a scene for God and angels to look upon! What a blot on Nature's pure bosom! Even Wellington, as he slowly rode over the field by moonlight, *wept*. The heart trained in the camp and schooled in the brutal life of the soldier could not endure the sight. But this is not all. Mournful as is the spectacle, and terrific as is the ghastly sight of that dead and dying army, and heartrending as are the shrieks and groans and blasphemies that make night horrible, the field is alive with moving forms, stooping over the pros-

trate dead. Are they ministers of mercy come hither to bind up the wounded and assuage their sufferings, or are they beasts of prey stooping over the carcasses still warm with human blood? Neither. They are men roaming the *field for plunder*. The dead and the wounded are alike ruthlessly trampled upon, as their bloody garments are rifled of their treasures. And this is glorious war, where heroes are made and deified! As my imagination rested on this picture, I no longer felt sympathy for Napoleon, as he fled a fugitive through the long night, while the roar of cannon behind him told where his empire lay trampled to the earth.

But the suffering did not end here. To measure the amount of woe this one battle has produced, go to the villages and cottages of France and England and Prussia. Count all the broken hearts it made—trace out the secret and open suffering that ends not with the day that saw its birth—and, last of all, go on to the judgment and imagine the souls that went from Waterloo and its fierce conflict to the rewards of Eternity; and then measure, if you can, the length and breadth and depth and height of that cursed ambition which made Napoleon a minister of death to his race. His wild heart sleeps at last, and Nature smiles again around Waterloo, and the rich grain waves as carelessly as if nothing had happened. That Providence which never sleeps fixed the limits of that proud man, and finally left the "desolator desolate" to eat out his own heart on the rock of Helena.

The field is covered with monuments to the dead, and a huge pyramid, surmounted by a lion, rises from the centre of the plain. One monument tells where the Scotch Greys stood and were cut down, almost to a man—another points to the grave of Shaw, who killed nine Frenchmen before he fell. The little church in the village of Waterloo is filled with tablets commemorating the dead. One struck me forcibly. On it was recorded the death of a man belonging to Wellington's suite. He was only eighteen years of age, and this was his twentieth battle. I never was more impressed with the brutality of the soldier than when my guide told me that he himself went over the field in search of plunder, the morning after the battle, and all he could find among the thousands of corpses was one old silver watch.

My companion the English captain would go and see the grave of the Marquis of Anglesea's *leg*, which has a separate monument erected to it. The Marquis visited the field of battle a short time since, and had the pleasure of reading the epitaph of his own leg. Taking no particular interest in the Marquis's lower extremities, whether off or on, I did not see this monument.

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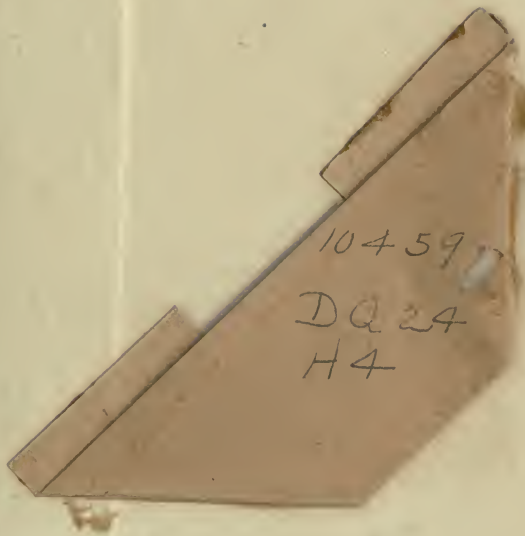
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